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Things in General.

NUDGE WURTELE, in charging the jury who had under consideration the libel suit brought by a cigar manufacturer against one of his workmen, reminded those who had to find a verdict that as Capital had its responsibilities and limitations, so had Labor. The charge was an exceedingly able one, but the thing left for the majority of us to think about, either as employers or employees, was the responsibility of labor. The have always had it, but I am finding it a rather one-sided con employer knows what his responsibility is. He has pay-day to meet, and if a man gets hurt he must take care of him; he cannot simply send him to a hospital and refuse to hear from him again. The Employers' Liability Act makes it very definite that an accident happening to an employee must be settled for by the employer. SATURDAY NIGHT has always been a Union office. Personally, I have never employed anything but Union labor, because I think it pays, and I claim no credit nor a desire to clothe myself with any philanthropic halo in the matter. Union labor is almost invariably the best labor, because the most intelligent and useful people have the capacity for organizing and taking care of themselves. While this is true, I think that no observer will deny that there are a great many labor unions and members of labor unions who misuse their organizations. I do not believe that it is the intention of any association of employees to so bind themselves together as to make it possible. or apparently pleasurable, to be insolent to the employing classes. It is quite the fact, however, that a number of these associations are so poorly officered and so ill-mannered that a communication from them is almost invariably an affront. Particularly to these I would like to direct a few remarks based on Judge Wurtele's address. While employers are responsible to their employees, and while capital, no matter how small it is, how weak it is, how non-existing it may be, because employers are frequently without capital, must assume all obligations as to wages, injuries, and that sort of thing, the Union assumes no obligation whatever.

I have already said that the Union workman is almost invariably better than the non-Union workman, but the fact remains that the Union assumes no responsibility whatever. It may send you a man who will smash your machinery, who will loaf all day long or all night long and ruin your output. The Union is not prepared to pay any damages or to even send a letter of regret. It may send you a man who will steal your stuff, waste your material, thoroughly unsettle the rest of your employees-it matters nothing to the Union; they accept no responsibility in the matter. A man who is only half a worknan, but who is dangerous as a "scab" in the time of a strike, will be put into a Union and may be thrust on you the next day as a skilled workman, and you have no redress. I believe now, as I always have believed, in organized labor, but I believe that organized labor must accept, as Judge Wurtele remarked, the burden of responsibility. They cannot be irresponsible and vet so organized as to force responsible people into a corner. I am quite willing as an employer of labor to increase wages beyond the Union scale if my workmen will agree to reimburse me for broken machinery, wasted paper, and the consequences of their carelessness, incompetence or folly. If they will bear as much responsibility as I bear in the matter I will be glad to settle on that basis, but it is a little hard on people who have the misfortune to have a few hundred dollars and an interest in a plant, to be everlastingly settling with the other fellow when the other fellow may smash the plant, waste the paper, ruin the business, and you can obtain no redress whatever. In SATURDAY NIGHT we are not suffering greatly from these causes, for the foremen and employees for many years have remained un changed.

I do not think the Unions have gone far enough. I believe I am in fairly good standing even yet as a Unionist, and with that vague protection I suggest that the Unions should make the proposition to the employers that when a Union man is accepted they will guarantee his faithfulness, honesty and skill. If that be done, nobody would refuse the Union workman, but they guarantee nothing of the kind. Any old thing that threatens to be a "scab" laborer in the time of a strike will be put in a Union. His lack of skill, the hundreds of dollars' worth of damage he will do to machinery, are nothing to the organiza tion; they have to pay for nothing. They forget that breakage and stoppage, and damage of any sort, are simply the assassination of the employer's business. They pay for nothing; they apologize for nothing. Put the man out and they will probably put a worse one in. This is all wrong. Unionism has arrived at the point when it must guarantee its people. The organiza tion that forces a man on you must now be sponsor for his

ability, his honesty, and his akill.

Take it in the printing business and follow the Union system, Union men or Union boys. The mailers must be Union in the mail-wagon one Union or another has charge of it, yet no Union guarantees the efficiency of anybody who is forced upon an employer. The man who smashes a machine, who by dilatoriness or accident misses a train and loses the sale of a paper, is not responsible at all to the employer; he pays nothing. The attitude is not a self-respectful one. The employee should guarantee the employer as the employer guarantees the employee. The employer has to pay whether he misses the train or whether his machinery is a mass of rubbish owing to carelessness. The employee should assume the position of guaranteeing the man who pays him every week, that his machinery shall not be smashed; that the train shall not be mi-sed; that the article manufactured shall not be ill-made; that material shall not be wasted. When the Unions do this the Unions will have a respect that I do not feel altogether like according at the present moment. When they do this they can come to the employer on a business basis; they can then say, "If you take our men we will see that they are right. If they make mistakes we will pay for them. If they smash machinery we will pay for it. If they do what is wrong we are responsible." This is exactly the point that Judge Wurtele made, that they have a responsibility which they have not yet assumed. I do not believe, if they assumed the responsibility, that they would often find themselves in a serious position, but labor must sit up and assume its share. The laborer is often richer than the supposed capitalist; the man who works for a salary is often better off than the one who pays him; and business to drift into the hands of incompetent, inexperienced thrift, or a fool of some other sort. when Unionists decide to share responsibility they will have a much better face when they come to talk to an employer about an increase of wages. As it stands now it is a matter of nerve. Workmen will come to a man who is probably in the last stages of bankruptcy, demand an in there, that they would be quite as unwise as the specimens increase of wages, be granted it, smash his machines, ruin who are about finishing their terms. Is it not possible that we his material, and bring about the crisis. He does not count. are educating a class who would be willing to work and take Poor devil, he can go through the court and be helpless and their commission as they earn it, instead of paying people very strange perversion of justice that you have to pay for a bring about public disaster? I think the dear reader can afford Sometimes in the press, stories are told of human duplicity necessary, but that a level crossing could be used for three

we will be on an even footing. I have no more voice in the appointing of a printer or a pressman or a mail man, unless he belongs to a Union, than the reader of this paper. When the Unions guarantee that my work shall be done by Union men on their responsibility they can have the whole business, as they

cern and I do not feel very sure that I like it.

RIFTING into another topic, yet not at all dissimilar, I am beginning to believe in the value to a community of professional politicians. As a community we expect politicians to do our work for nothing. Occasionally, perhaps, they may fulfill our expectations, but the rarity of personal self-sacrifice makes it a dangerous experi-I think we do not know how much we pay our politicians for serving us. No matter whether they are municipal or provincial or federal, they are liable to take their "rake off," and in the end we have to settle with them. What is the professional politician but a man who makes it his business to live off the commissions which the public pay him for doing the public's work? Why should not be be paid? Why should he be making contracts and doing all sorts of work without being attended to financially? Are we fools enough to suppose that men are going to do this work for nothing? We may appear to get the services of these men without putting it that way. Take a contractor, for instance, who will build a splendid piece of masonry or erect a very fine building for the Government, but he and everybody who is attending to that job will get paid whether it appears in the public accounts or

man's finger, or hand, or foot, who gets hurt in your machinery, to turn the matter over in his mind and tell us, when he is which are almost incredible. When we think of all the impulses yet he does not have to pay for your machinery if he smashes it all to pieces. When the Union assumes this responsibility then rather than an evil in a community. And while we are connatures, and those people liable to do the most terrible things, sidering this, think over the men who are governing this Whitney, and Foster, and Laurier? Who are Greenway and Cameron? And who are Haultain, and Fielding, and Turner, and all the rest of them, but a batch of professional politicians? Why were Blair and Sir Richard Cartwright, and Mulock and Sutherland, and all the rest of them, chosen both in the Dominion and Provincial affairs, except that they had been long enough in public life to have experience to guide them in their work? This being the case. I think the idea of scorning the professional politician should be abandoned, though of course, as the above list shows, men who have means of their own are not so hard pressed as the poor, who of necessity must have a "rake-

HAT this country needs, speaking politically and without any party animus, is a reorganization of its political workers. Every province should have an executive continuous workers. Every province should have an executive committee which will have to do with patronage, the selection of candidates, the promotion of its best workers, and the general supervision of everything of a party nature. To leave the matter in the hands of the member for a constituency is to ruin him and to ruin party discipline. The executive committee should have the say, and it should be appointed with the idea of makup any money for them, but they are not fools enough to work | ing it so clean and clever as to make the party dominant. If matters concerning patronage and nominations were left in the hands of a few men who thoroughly understand their business, whether they be professional politicians or not, the whole matter could be skilfully handled and the representative of a constitu-A man with skill enough to get a contract and fill it has ever would not become, as he almost invariably does become, a

off" or fall by the way.

A CITY FIRE BY NIGHT.

Scene from the roof of SATURDAY NIGHT Building during the burning of the C.P.R. elevator on Wednesday evening.



won't fail to take it.

A professional politician is a great deal better than an man, or nobody below him will work. Stereotypers must be percentage; he knows that the politician who employs him his relatives by being in politics. room; the pressman must be a Union man; there must cunning which is a part of politics. The professional politician be so many men employed on the press. The people is always at his work; he attends to it from early mora till midwho carry the papers away from the press must be night or afterwards. He work a harder than any other man in the community. It may be work that he has selected for himself; it men or Union boys. Until the output of a newspaper is does not matter, it has to be paid for, and we are all paying for it. The dearest job that we have to pay for is the work done by amateur politicians; by men who are not cunning enough to see where they are liable to come out. They do all sorts of fool things. A professional politician is too wise to enter into these mysterious and vague benefits to the public. He undertakes nothing unless he sees a profit, and a professional politician, like a tailor, or a grocer, or a hotelkeeper, or a dry-goods merchant, knows that he cannot stay in business unless he does the reasonably decent thing. Of course some great contracts are given that will make a man rich in one deal, but these are very rare, and if you will notice, nearly every professional politician dies poor-he gives the public more than he gets out of thembut it must be remembered that he is always trying to get some thing out of them, and I do not think it should be forgotten that he has a right to get something out of them.

If we look over the history of Toronto we will find that the fool acts which involved the city in great expenses were undertaken by amateurs. Take the Don improvements; take any work that you like which was begun and ended by somebody who had a theory and no experience, and you will find the story a disastrous one. The public are not at all anxious about their business: they are not prepared either to take office or to sit up and think a thing out. The professional politician does this for them and expects his fee. As a rule he gets it. It may be very unwise to let all public business drift into the hands of these people, but it is much less prudent to permit any of the public people who, while they intend to do right, do not know how to

do anything but wrong. We have an experience here in Toronto of a lot of amateurs acting as aldermen. I am very much afraid, if we got good men

skill enough to see that there is a profit somewhere, and he | nepotist and a wrangler for small places for his relatives. We have altogether too much individualism in our politics. This sounds like heresy, but it is a fact. Individualism as exempliand the public must see how helpless the employer is. Begin at amateur, for while he may be a rogue the other fellow may be a fled in Canadian politics means that the Member is often but the top. The typesetters must be Union men; the man at the fool, and the fool is far more dangerous than the rogue. The typesetting machine or at any machine must be a Union crooked fellow knows that he cannot take more than a certain relatives. In nine cases out of ten he ruins himself and all Union men and getting a scale of wages which their employer cannot allow him to take more than just enough to make ten he spends all his time trying to get his impoverished the railway allowance that severs Lansdowne avenue." I has no hand in fixing. The plates go down to the press- business good for him. Experience teaches him wisdom and the kinsmen some kind of a job. If the patronage and nomina explained at that time that the C. P. R. had put up a barbed wire who is now the slave of a constituency would simply be a used ever since the railway tracks were laid, thus imposing upon body around him to leave him alone and go to headquarters and playing a very poor game by having Members who consider it their main duty to recoup themselves for election expenses by appointing someone to a job who is unfit for it; they are a weakness to the party, and an uncertain quantity no matter what measure comes up. My belief is in a strong executive. I think I can prove that it would clean up many of the evils that afflict us. I am of the opinion that the individual representative would be free from a thousand cares which distract and degrade him, and I am quite certain that a provincial executive properly appointed and given some sort of pay, either as professional politicians or as amateurs, would leave the whole community in a better shape and be less costly than the present system of having men who are little tin gods while they are in office, and have to pay the price of their prominence by becoming the tools of corporations, of party ring-leaders, and unscrupulous operators

If we have party government let us run it right : let us have an organization that will mean something besides schoolhouse politics and cloister conspiracies. A few men who have a large interest at stake could do the whole thing better than it is being done at present. Politics should be worked like a business; nobody should be asked to work for nothing. The man who does the public's business has as good a right to be paid as the man who works for a private citizen. The moment the public magine that they are getting someone to work for nothing they will find themselves in the hands of a rogue, a faddist, a spend-

THERE must be many tragedies in domestic life of which we covered someone will be blamed for it, while many murders, the engineer was consulted; the city solicitor was called in; the probably more than ever come under the eye of a coroner, indignant West-Enders were invited to make suggestions; the remain undiscovered. All the tendencies of family life are in action of the railway was denounced as an outrage, the fence the direction of concealing every trouble until the possibility of an obstruction of a public highway. The facts were referred to hopeless, and they can find new situations. It seems to me a who perhaps take their commission and are so unskilful as to concealment is past. We hear occasionally of terrible things. the authorities at Ottawa, who decided that a subway would be

are the ones who are most likely to be successful in concealing country. Who are Ross, and Gibson, and Harcourt, and them. If this be true, we may fairly decide that private life Dryden, and all the men in the "Park?" Who are Tupper, and protects itself from the publication of many awful stories which would be quite truthful if told and horrifying to those who believe that the world is even a little bit better than it looks.

From Dexter, Mo., comes a story of a nineteen year old lad who killed his father, Rev. Jesse Moore, because the family had been allowed to have no pleasure and the head of it was cruel to them. He planned the assassination for two weeks, killed the old man and quietly went back to bed. After his arrest he confessed, and we have a sensational story which must be regarded only as an occasional glimpse of unhappy family life. There are many fathers who are cruel to their families, who disregard all the natural impulses of childhood, and who have no regard whatever for the wife and mother. Like the shooting of a policeman, the killing of one of these men leads us to wonder how far the policy of instant revenge or legal killing would land us. Who does not know of families who are ruled by men and women who are as merciless as tigers? Of course we could all tell tales of those parents who are too lax in their discipline, because we see it all, but there are very few of us who could not describe the swift, dark look which, flashing across a room, has sent everybody to bed, who are under the control of some man who is, perhaps, too busy to think where his tyranny will drive It is a terrible thing when the revelation of domestic unhappiness is made by the murder of a father or a husband, but if it were given to some writer to describe the awful lives that some women and children live, the civilization of which we are so proud would be turned with its seamy side

It is a very general charge to make, that a father gives his family no pleasure, yet children called into this world have some rights which are none the less distinct that they were not consulted before they arrived into a world where, for a time at least, parents are supreme. They came uninvited; they live surrounded by circumstances which they did not select; they see the mother the drudge of the family or the father the victim of a shrew, and occasionally some very weak-minded or strong-willed boy or girl takes the law in his or her hands and settles the whole dispute. If we try to mind our own business we have to keep out of these disputes, we have to watch these terrible domestic tragedies, which may not culminate in murder but which culminate in some terrible crime, or must necessarily result in unhappiness. We watch them day by day; the men are sullen and severe, the wives are weak, heart-broken, tearful, complaining, or resentful, and we know that this tragedy goes on. It is one of the most delightful things in Christianity that we know that there is a God who takes cognizance of these little things, and that some day the average will be struck, the retribution will come, and that the unhappy will be freed from the trammels of their misery. It seems to me the sweetest part of the Christian religion that the righting of these wrongs comes so soon, for life is only a day, and the sorrow and the heartbreak pass quickly into the something better beyond.

The saddest feature, however, of the story which has led to these remarks is that it is a preacher, a man with the title of "reverend" before his name, who was slain by his own boy, by his son, who should have leaned upon his arm and trusted implicitly in him. Surely the Christian religion is being perverted by these cruel, hard men, who would rather denounce evil-doing and persecute their families than preach the kindliness, the gentleness, the charity of a lovable and loving God. There are too many such; there are too many men who would rather frighten their congregations than to have the affectionate arm of a child thrown about their necks. We do not know what the facts are—God only knows this—but we can easily guess that much of the unhappiness of life is caused by the misdirected impulse which paints the Almighty, as Rev. Mr. Moore's son found his father to be, without love for his family and unthoughtful of everything which makes life pleasant. Those who paint this picture of the Almighty are slanderers and are doing evil which cannot be measured either in time or eternity. They are the ones who teach us to be resentful instead of obedient; they are the ones who try to do good by keeping those under their charge in fear and trembling. It will not work; it was never intended to be exploited. Those who love God because He is good and merciful and gentle will practice some little of His mercy and gentleness; those who teach that He is terrible and revengeful will in their own lives find the awful contradiction of their theory.

N May 27 last, in these columns, I said: "The erratic way in which the affairs of a city are managed was brought out in regard to a fence which the C. P. R. built beside its track cases out of in Toronto at a point where a footpath has for years run across tions were in the hands of a well qualified committee, the man | fence closing the Lansdowne avenue crossing, which had been representative of a party and could quite well afford to tell every- hundreds of citizens daily a detour of a mile to go a distance of one hundred yards. This fence was put up with their petitions. I think we are weakening ourselves on May 5, and the railway authorities posted city policemen on the spot to "arrest trespassers." On May 6 the city ordered these policemen to withdraw, and sent men from the Engineer's Department to pull down the fence as being an unlawful obstruction of a public highway. Residents of the locality assisted in this work of demolition. After this exertion the city dozed, but not the railway. That same evening a gang of workmen put up another barbed wire fence, and special con stables guarded it and allowed no person to use the "public highway" at that point, yet the city made no move, neither tearing down the second fence nor sending policemen to remove the "specials." Sure now of victory, at the end of three days the railway warned the city that it would withdraw its specials on the evening of the 9th, and would expect the city to send policemen to protect the fence. The city replied on May 10 that the fence was an obstruction of a public highway, but on the same day policemen marched to the spot, protected the fence, and in the uniform of the city Police Force maintained by word and action against all comers, that that was not a public highway. There the matter rested at the end of May and there it rested until the present month of November. Frequently during the summer arrests have been made and fines imposed on citizens who attempted to use the crossing. In the dispute between the railway and the city, after one brief flare up the city lay down and offered its policemen its magis trates and courts as the machinery by which the railway could enforce its own contentions as being the indisputable law applicable to the situation.

But November came, the elections hove in sight, and the people of the West End, exasperated by delays and fines, began never hear. The old saying that "murder will out" has holding indignation meetings. The City Hall woke up with a been dropped, because we know that if the murder is dis- start. It was proposed to go and tear down the fence again

months. Then the city dozed again. It drops off to sleep if the newspapers cease for a day to prod it up. What but defeat awaits the city in any contest with any railway? What will save us from paying for that subway? When there is such forgetfulness of duty and lack of courage, what can we do against the Metropolitan company? We can rely, not on the drifters at City Hall, but on the self-interest of the business men of the Toronto Rulway Company, whose interests, however, are as much at variance with our own as are those of the rival



BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Is the Chaperon a Necessity in Canada?

Phillips thinks the scheme a clever one.

I am disposed to regard the institution of chaperonage as a good one. It is not necessary as a means of keeping young girls out of harm's way. Experience has shown that American young ladies, among whom the practice is unknown except as regards a very limited circle in Eastern cities who ape English fashions, are abundantly able to take care of themselves. The independence and self-reli-

ance acquired by going about unchaperoned is a much better safeguard than the innocence of ignorance in which European girls are, or used to be, brought up. But chaperonage serves a useful purpose, nevertheless, in keeping the chaperon out of mischief, for the time being at any rate. The most critical period in a woman's career, when she is most likely to be guilty of serious escapades, is not, as people seem to suppose, her early womanhood, but advanced maturity. Women are far more prone to commit themselves between the ages of forty and fifty and onward until they cease to be attractive, than at the age when fashion decrees that they must be watched with so much solicitude. In the great majority of cases the heroines of elopements, divorce cases and scandals are of decidedly mature years. Now, here is where the utility of the chaperon custom comes in. If the chaperon exercises the vigilance with which she is credited towards her charge, we may be sure that the latter in turn watches her closely. The duties of the position under any circumstances must impose considerable restraint upon the friskiest of matrons. Just as many a poacher has been reformed by making him a gamekeeper, so the sense of responsibility implied in entrusting her with the guardianship of a young girl may doubtless preserve many an attractive woman who has passed safely through the comparatively slight dangers of early womanhood and reached the really perilous "now or never," fat, fair and forty stage, from the perils which environ full-blown middle-age. In the interests of the class from which chaperons are drawn, the social fiction that our young maidens are in peril if left unwatched ought certainly to be kept up. The chaperon can't get into any scrapes so long as she has an ingenuous girl in her company.

John Lewis thinks they necessary.

A hermit can scarcely be asked to answer questions of this sort, but from inquiries among persons who go into society I gather that a chaperon is an institution rendered necessary by masculine deviltry and feminine uncharitableness. It seems to me that a country is hardly civilized in which a girl cannot go about without being ogled by donkeys, some of them old enough to be her father. And my

impression is that these persons are not very numerous, though one of them goes a long way; that the chaperon is a survival of the semi barbarous eighteenth century, and that a young girl with a chaperon will some day become as rare as a man armed with a sword or a bowie-knife. However, I would not take the responsibility of advising the abolition of any sort of armament, lest I should be unwittingly playing into the hands of the enemy. It might be a case of the hermit rushing in where the society editor fears to tread. Perhaps it would be a good idea to form a benevolent society for the purpose of supplying tops, marbles, books of a simple and elementary character, and other innocent recreations for the fellows who render chaperons necessary. Sometimes there is no real harm in them.

chaperon.

Superficial observers have said the chaperon is an insult. I wot not. I fancy even the chaperoned people would declare against Gadaby likes the abolishing this venerable and highly respectable institution which, like the State church, the divine right of kings and other palladia, flourishes because it is not what it pretends to

be. The chaperon is one who has passed through the dangerous seas of courtship and marriage, and so knows all the rocks and shoals. She is the guide, philosopher and friend of her young charges, sees that their program mes are full, points out the eligible young men, and warns them against the scapegraces. I do not her rule is very strict, for sometimes I see kittenish young things of thirty-six under the wing of some aged dowager of twenty. How could she be stern to her frolicsome little pets, especially when she is so busy herself having a good time? There are chaperons and chaperons, but the kind of chaperon in vogue nowadays is the best that ever happened. Perhaps she has an elderly husband at home who sniffs at dances and society. She tells him she would dearly like to stay at home, but Glady 2, and Ethel, and Maud, and Evelyn, and all the rest of them must have somebody to look after them. So she will sacrifice herself. And the dear little martyr does, even to the extent of eating half a dozen ices and dancing all the extras and several regulars with the other fellow who didn't have enough money to beat hubby out. All of which goes to show that the custom of chaperonage is as necessary for young married as for young unmarried women. The question, perhaps, cropped up in this column because the editor confused a chaperon with a duenna. They are distinct breeds and no more to be compared than condors and canary birds.

Social and Personal.

Tuesday evening the Pavilion was opened for its first dance this season, the ball given in aid of the Ladies' Work Depository, King street west. The Ladies' Committee of management of this excellent institution numbers a representative group of Toronto's most prominent and exalted women, and their presence always lends an extra touch of smartness to this martest of public dances, the bal powdre, for they make an effort to attend it which they might not consider incumbent upon them at other times, and they all, to a woman, become the quaint and picturesque coiffure de riqueur on this occasion. Last Tuesday this fact was particularly noticeable, and many were the admiring glances sent stageward at as stunning a circle of patronesses as ever graced the improvised parlor at the Pavillon, nor were the younger matrons and the debutantes a whit behind in the race for belledom, which is unconsciously entered by every woman who powders and rouges and puts on patches for the honor of the yearly ball. Many were the sighs for far-off partners when the four coups de canon arranged as the opening to the best two-step of the evening startled the fair ones into memories of other dances when the floor of the Pavilion was the stepping-place to honor instead of the hostile veldts and fearsome battlefields of Africa, to many a good partner of last season's poudre. And in all the happy hours, the soldiers of the Queen were not forgotten. out his idea of the most worthy, which were Mrs. Herbert car some time ago. He held a small lever in royalty fashion in Cawthra's, of black velvet overdress cut open in patterns over his retiring room. The various small dens of the men in resi-

white, with white underskirt of softest white, and jet in sparkling richness upon it, a gown indescribable, but the delight of all the women and the wonder of the men; Miss Gyp Armstrong's rose red glace silk with incrustations of white lace in love knots, and Miss Hees' deep cerise satin with white, one of Stitt's most charming gowns. I was particularly struck with the prettiness of a sweet little girl from Hamilton, who wore a lovely white gown with pale green, and had the most mignonne face and the most attention that even a girl from Hamilton has ever had, and we all know how they queen it in Toronto. To my mind, Miss Bessi: Bethune had the most fetching gown and coiffure; the dress of clear blue, the sleeve straps of deep-hued violets-violets on her bodice, violets in her powdered hair, and the dearest wee curls. Miss VanderSmisser was a debutante to gladden the heart of any mamma; her charming face and sparkling eyes, and slight, girlish form in a dainty white silk frock, were perfect. Miss Annie Michie in with powder and patches, was charming. The Misses Higinbotham, two bright and handsome New Yorkers, who are visiting at Florsheim, enjoyed very much the dance, as did also Miss Butler, Miss Perrin's popular visitor. Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney looked splendid in a snowy pompadour, on which sparkled some fine diamonds; she wore a rich black gown and berthe of fine lace. Her two younger daughters, Mrs. Charles Beatty and Miss Violet Gooderham, also wore black gowns, and Mrs. Beatty in yellow brocade, with Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt in burnt orange glace, trimmed with white, made up a brilliant group on the stage, where that most winsome of ladies, Mrs. John Cawthra, and her daughter-in-law were conspicuously ornamental. Mrs. Hodgins in black lace over white; Mrs. Spragge in black, relieved with light green Miss Campbell of Carbrook in black, with white lace, and Mrs. John I. Davidson, whose coiffure poudree a la Pompadour becomes her so well, were also upon the dais, all of them, I fancy, being patronesses of the dance. Miss Mowat came for a short time, looking exceedingly nice in a diaphanous white dress over pale pink, her preference being always for delicate shades in dress. Mrs. Arnoldi was a Du Maurier picture in white glistening with crystals, and a beautifully dressed head; Mrs. Kirkland looked very handsome in a toilet all black, with American beauty roses; Mrs. VanderSmissen, always noticeably a chaperon who never looks tired, was in lavender, and Mrs. Russell, tall and graceful, was in a very smart gown of black, veiled in spangled net. Two chosen friends, both young and lovely, were Mrs. W. Mulock and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, both looking very well, Mrs. Magann's coiffure being particularly becoming. Mrs. Macpherson in a very mart black gown was much admired. An unusual number of pretty girls were seen, or rather there was room for each to be admired justly instead of being merged in the confusion of a crowd. Miss Amy Laing looked stunning in a black gown. Miss Helen Armstrong was looking more than usually well, in pale pink, veiled in white, and with poudree head and white plumes Her dress was most graceful and pretty. Miss Florence Vivian was prettily gowned and coiffee. Miss Nelles, who is visiting Miss Aura Bain, wore a dainty white frock; her hostess wore white silk with a lovely transparent overdress trimmed with shirred ribbons. Miss Law look d very well in a white frock and powdered hair. Miss Cassells was very much admired in a charming white frock. Miss Small and Miss Muriel Campbell vore white satin. Miss Muriel Macdougall and Miss Lucy McLean Howard were in black. Touches of color were given to so many white and black toilettes by Miss Kirkland's turquoise gown, Miss Montiza ubert's canary silk, Miss Freda Montizam bert's shell-pink silk and Miss Gertrude Elmsley's pink satin. Miss Maude Dwight, who has had so much commiseration over the loss of her effects on the Scotsman, wore a very pretty silk sheath overdress in white and black striped silk over white, in which she looked very well indeed. Miss Blanche Wellington wore white, as did also Miss Lamport. I heard some growling from the stalwarts at the slower tempo, the fashion this winter for dancing, but the day of the plunger and rusher has evidently gone by, and the fashion set in larger places has arrived here with unusual promptness. things of that sort (-uch as the high hand-shake, for instance) when Gotham has begun to tire of them. At Tuesday's dance the usual delight was voiced at the condition of the floor, and the decorations in fawn and white were simple but effective, and he music extra good. Webb served supper at a long buffet and the repast was much enjoyed. The palm house on that nild night was a delightful, cool place in which a splendid lot of mums were shown. Next week there is no such crush of social events as that of

he week just passed, and the annual At Home of the Athletic Association of the University of Toronto is the only large dance on the programme. It takes place in the University gymnasium on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 830, and pro mises to be more popular than ever. The gymnasium will be decorated not only with the usual bunting and flags, but also with bayonets, flotballs, and all the other various articles of arfare which are common to student athletics. The tickets, mited to 400, are placed at one dollar each, and may be had from Miss Salter, University College; Mr. Russell, from four to six o'clock daily, at the University Gymnasium, or from James Merrick, B.A., at A. W. Briggs, Methodist Book Room. Miss Mowat and Government House party will be present, and also Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Harcourt and others. As this is the one social event at 'Varsity during the fall term, it is expected that it will a rendezvous of all friends of the University.

The following ladies have kindly consented to act as patronesses of the Dental At Home: Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Clark of Woodstock, Mrs. Swart, Mrs. W. Earl Willmott, Mrs. Harold Clark, Mrs. Capon, Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. W. Cecil Trotter, Mrs. J. F. Ross, and Mrs. Mackenzie.

Mrs. Downes and the Misses Downes, of 245 Wellesley street, Ill be At Home to their friends the first and third Wednesdays

A very jolly dance was given Wednesday night in honor of Mr. Harvey Stanbury, who is leaving for St. John, N.B., where the good wishes of his many friends follow him.

Mrs. Fred. Somerville will hold her first receptions since her marriage, next Monday and Tuesday afternoons and Tuesday ening at 11 Maple avenue, Rosedale.

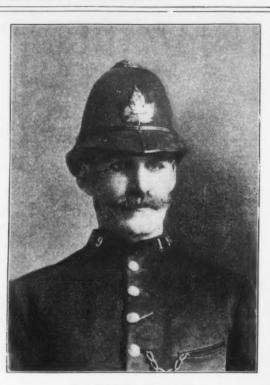
Mr. D'ekson Patterson's musical is an event sure to be most artistic and delightful. By the way, Miss Huston and Miss orence Marshall are giving a recital next Thursday, assisted by Mr. George Fox, in Association Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham have taken a house in Park dale for the winter. Mrs. Downey is visiting her parents in Homewood avenue. Mr. A. O. Beardmore has returned from Mexico. Captain and Mrs. Charlie Nelles are in Brantford.

The marriage of Captain Ogilvie and Miss Gladys White of Quebec took place on Wednesday afternoon in Quebec. Both bride and groom have so many friends in Ontario that their nuptials were of wide interest.

Mrs. Leland Laffin Summers (better remembered as Miss Eve Brodlique), who was the guest of Miss Maud Annes in Whitby this week, has left for London, where she visits at Hon. David Mills' before returning to her home in Chicago for Thank giving Day, which is Thursday next with Uncle Sam. Mrs. Summers' friends in Toronto were delighted during her stay here to renew their acquaintance with this very charming woman and clever writer.

The dance at Trinity was remarkable for its numerous eautiful girls and tall men. Regular sky-scrapers, these latter, and fine dancers, too. Ars. Welch and Mrs. Rigby, wives of Provost and Dean, received on the dais, and Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Huntingford, Miss Strachan, Miss Playter, were also kind mers of the young folks. The sweet little English bride, Mrs. Huntingford, was down among the young folks or receiving friends in the Professor's den, in a pretty white silk gown, and many compliments came her way. Mrs. Clark also kept open house, but the genial Professor was not able to be up, Among the many handsome gowns a young man kindly pointed having received several trying knocks in his fall from a moving



POLICEMAN DICKSON

Toronto, whose courage and good judgment in the Varcoe case have won the approval of his superior officers and the public.

dence were well stocked with good things for their fair friends that dear wee sanctum where Mr. Carter Troope used to entertain us being now worthily occupied by Mr. Bell. Among the guests were: Miss Mowat, in pink; Miss Biggar, in palest blue, with a rose in her pretty fair hair; Dr. and Mrs. Albert Ham; Mrs. Young, an English visitor; Mrs. Julius Miles, in black and white silk; Miss Leila McDonell, in shell-pink glace; Miss Lockie, fair and sweet in a black frock; Miss Spragge, in her coming-out white gown; Miss Cooke, also debutante, in white silk with silver trimmings; Miss McWilliams, in gray and rose color; Miss Eva Langtry, in white over rose pink; Miss Warren, tall and sweet in white, with pink flowers, her sister also looking very well, as did their young hostess, Miss Winnie Darling; Miss Dora Denison, a dainty little lady in white; Miss Carrie Fuller, very pretty in a pale blue gown; Miss Boultbee, in yellow touched with black; Miss Parkin, looking very well; Miss Darby, in a quaint gown of royal blue; Miss George, looking splendid in a pretty light frock; Miss Elsie Helliwell, in white, and Miss Mamie Christie, Miss Roaf, the Misses Baldwin, Miss Moore, Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick, Miss Mary Miles, Miss Tomlinson, the Misses Dennistoun, Miss Spotton, Messrs, Somerville, Black of Halifax, Symons, Bell, Muir, Ricarde Seaver, Christie, Darling, Martin, Davidson, Cameron, Trees, Parmenter. upper was served in Commons, where in one of Frank Darling's delightful fireplaces a rosy log fire smouldered. Professors Jones, Young, Davidson and Huntingford were, as usual, mos attentive to all the guests. Both music and floor were first rate, and some popular new two-steps were much appreciated. No encores was the iron rule.

On Wednesday evening M. and Madame Rochereau de la Sablière gave a musical as a farewell to Miss Cousineau, who left yesterday for New York. The artists who delighted their friends with some very fine music were the guest of honor, the ost, whose splendid voice is not well enough known in musical Toronto, Mrs. Blight, Madame Farrini, Miss Katherine Birnie. Mr. Tinning, and Mr. Blight. The suppers at La Futaie are always delicious, and a dance followed Wednesday's repast. Madame Rochereau de la Sablière wore a rich blue and black brocade; Miss Cousineau wore pale blue and white with pearls. Two of the little children of the host, with three languages at their tongue-tips, were petted to their hearts' content by the guests, among whom were: Dr. and Mrs. Trow, Mr. and Miss Withrow, Mr. and Mrs. Mathewson, Mrs. Field, Mrs. and Miss Reinhardt, Mr. Muir, Professor and Mrs. Deschamps, Miss Blight, Miss Susie Smith, and Mr. Merrick.

Mrs. Harcourt gave a very pleasant tea on Wednesday afteron at her residence in St. George street. She was assisted by Mrs. Alley, Miss Mackenzie and Miss Mildred Montizambert in the tea room, where a charmingly set table, done in primrose and violet shades, was loaded with good things. A large party of ladies enjoyed this event.

Mrs. W. R. Kiddell gave a delightfully arranged progressive euchre for her guest, Miss Burnham of Port Hope, last Wednesday afternoon, when a party of ladies played the game for the earlier afternoon, and enjoyed a delicious little repast before aying farewell. Mrs. Riddell wore a delicately tinted gown of mauve, and was, as usual, the center of admiring looks from all The house had its ever-fragrant wealth of flowers, and the guests were exceedingly smart. Among them were: Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. Warden, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. H. A. Patterson, and a large party of young girls, among whom Miss Brouse and Miss Bessie Macdonald were lucky enough to secure the prizes for good

Teas are multiplying, and from the stately reception to the osy little coterie of a dozen friends, madame finds herself hurrying these shortening afternoons. On Wednesday all kinds of teas were in progress. Mrs. Chadwick gave a small one at Lanmar, and Mrs. Moss gave a larger one in Jarvis street. A pretty tea to which "our summer party" was bidden proved that holiday friendship; are sometimes lasting, and brightened Wednesday's later afternoon hours.

Last week's closing days were full of social events unfortunately missed by the pilgrims to Gotham's Horse Show, On Thursday Mrs. J. Lorne Campbell gave a very smart At Home at her residence, 24 Walmer road. On Friday Mrs. Edmund Jarvis and Mrs. Fred Jarvis gave a similar affair at 258 Jarvis street, the residence of Mrs. Jarvis. On Thursday Mrs. Gooderham had a very delightful tea at Waveney, when her youngest daughter was at her side to assist in receiving. Miss Gooderham looked stunning in a gray gown. Mrs. Manning of Winnipeg and Mrs. Derbyshire of Ottawa were out-of-town guests who joined the ultra-smart assemblage at this event. Mrs. VanderSmissen gave a coming-out tea for her lovely little daughter on Saturday. Nearly all the guests were young people. On Friday Mrs. Murray Alexander gave a tea in honor of her guest, Mrs. Waterman of Santa Barbara, who will winter in Toronto. For Friday, there were a great many men on hand at this popular event. On Friday afternoon one of those pleasant affairs, an aftern on euchre, was given by Mrs. Frank Macdonald. Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Duggan and Mrs. Henderson won the handsome prizes. On Thursday night Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir gave a dinner in honor of Rev. Armstrong and Mrs. Black. On Thursday Mrs. Grant Macdonald gave a tea for her sister, Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, who assisted her in receiving, and followed this tea by a second one for young people on

†† On Tuesday evening Mrs. Fred Cox gave a pretty dinner party to a number of friends. The name-cards were of the nost fetching design and were done by Miss Wallace, of 71 Pembroke street, whose charming fancy makes beautiful all

The Victoria Rink managers are arranging their winter season, and the skaters who look forward to their pet pastime will enjoy it at this fine rink when the cold weather

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Notes from the Capital.

HE Countess of Minto, who is a passenger on the Campania, will soon be with us again. Mrs. Laurence ley and Mr. Arthur Guise have gone down to New York to meet the Campania. and that it went off so successfully augurs Lady Minto is bringing another niece out with her to Canada-Lady Victoria Grey, a daughter of Lord Grey. Lady Minto, before she left London, had the gratifica-tion of attending a very pretty ceremony in Holy Trinity church, in which another niece, who came with her to Canada, played the role of bride. Lady Sybil Beauclerk is described by the London papers as looking "tall and handsome" in a becoming gown of white satin trimmed with Brussels lace, and wearing a veil of the same beautiful lace that no doubt has descended through a long line of noble brides upon this daughter of a hundred earls. Four small bridesmaids dressed in white walked behind Lady Sybil, and four little pages attended them, dressed in the picturesque costume of the court of Charles I. Had it been Charles II. there would have been some historical significance in it. Captain Lascelles was supported by a brother officer, Captain Charles Willoughby. There was a breakfast afterwards at the house of the bride s stepmother, the Duchess of St. Alban's, The bridegroom's father, Sir Frank Lascelles, the distinguished diplomat, was among the guests, while among the handsome women present the most admired were Lady Edward Cavendish, the Countess of Minto, and Mrs. Willie Grenfell, who is one of the smartest women in

with their regiments. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Southam, whose marriage took place at Cargill a couple of weeks ago, have returned to town.

London. The honeymoon was spent in

the country, at Lord Penrhyn's place down in Oxfordshire, but it was a short one, for

in these stirring times all soldiers must be

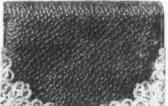
Miss Thistle was married last Monday to Mr. Robert Gill, manager of the Ottawa branch of the Bank of Commerce. Perhaps because the war and a few other absorbing subjects are interesting the public mind at present, Mr. and Mrs. Gill managed to get married without anyone excepting their immediate friends knowing of it until they saw the announcement in the evening papers. It was a very quiet wedding. The bride wore her traveling dress, and was attended only by her sister, who wore a fawn cloth gown. Last week Miss Thistle gave a dinner to a number of her old friends-women friends. It was called a "bachelor girls" dinner and was modeled to a great extent on Gibson's beautiful drawing in *Life*, "The Night Before the Wedding." These bachelor girls wereat the station to wish the bride *bon vogage* and to present her with a tea-caddy and a list of their names. Mr. and Mrs. Gill have gone to New York and Washington, and upon their return will live in the handsome house in Cartier street which Sir Oliver Mowat occupied during his term of Minister of Justice.

Major-General and Mrs. Hutton went to Montreal this week to attend a performance in aid of the soldiers' fund. Last week Mrs. Hutton gave a tea in the Drill Hall to the members of the Soldiers' Wives' League. Refreshments were served in the officers' ante-room, which is a very cosy apartment, and in a large and comfortably furnished marquee attached Mrs. Hutton received her guests. She looked decidedly well in a costume of violet cloth. Mrs. Stone, wife of Col. Stone, R.A., was a very smart little lady in a modish gown of crimson cloth. Col. and Mr. Stone were guests at Earnscliffe during their visit to Ottawa. The colonel was here to attend the military conference of officers commanding districts. Major-General Hutton, with a number of these officers, came to Mrs. Hutton's tes on Thursday after the conference. General Hutton spoke a few words explaining the meaning of the Soldiers' Wives' League, and pointing out the good effects that would ensue from It is to promote kindly feeling and

ogne, Germany, where Mr. L. Reinhardt graduated in 1870.

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sympathy with one another among the women folks of the regiment. Officers' wives and soldiers' wives belong to it, and will endeavor to know each other better and to help one another. At the tea all Drummond, Major and Mrs. Ather- ranks of the service were represented, if not by the men themselves, by their wives,

> well for the future of the League. The Misses Blair, who, notwithstanding that they are both engaged young ladies, are very popular in Ottawa society, have bataken themselves to New Brunswick. where they will visit both in Fredericton and St. John. Miss Snowball, a young and pretty daughter of Hon. Senator Snowball, is here with Miss Elizabeth Blair, a debutante of last year. These two young girls will assist Mrs. Blair in doing the honors until the return of her older

> The season of teas is certainly here to stay. The Misses Thistle were the sign of Miss Thistle's approaching marriage. It was in a manner a farewell tea but there was no sweet sorrow about it, for it was very gay. A really charming tea was given on Tuesday by Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, and on Wednesday another equally nice tea took place at the residence of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne. Both were among the social functions of the week. Mrs. George Perley gave a tea on Thursday afternoon, and there are already cards out for several more teas.

> The week was marked by the first ball of the season—a subscription ball at the Russell on Wednesday evening in ald of St. Luke's hospital.

> > Social and Personal.

Saturday afternoon Miss Widdifield, who does the honors as hostess at 178 St. George street for her brother, the Sheriff, gave a large and very elegantly arranged afternoon tea to a number of ladies and gentlemen. Miss Widdifield wore a rich reception gown of old rose satin duchesse, with a guimpe of point lace over cream satin, the drooping frills on the bodice being edged with cream White 'mums, ferns and smilax decorated the drawing-rooms, pink being chosen for the dining-room and carried out in roses and broad ribbons upon the buffet. An orchestra played very sweetly from an alcove on the landing, the music floating softly down to meet the clamor of laughter and chatter below. In the tea-room, Miss Bessie Hees, Miss Lukes, Miss Kathleen Hall, Miss Lilian Skinner, Miss Ethel Widdifield and Miss Ethel Ashworth were in charge of the good things. Pienty of men were on hand and took great care that no one lacked attention. Mr. Fred Knowles, a nephew of the Sheriff, and Mr. George Simpson of Newmarket, who were visiting the host, assisted nobly at the reception. Among the many present were: Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Fred Mowat, Mrs. Riddell and her guest, Miss Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld, Mrs. J. F. Lister, Mr. and Mrs. Willison and Miss Wright, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. A. S. Irving, Mrs. Warden, Mr. A. Warden, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mrs. Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Coulthard, Mr. T. Eaton, the Misses Michie, Miss Ashworth, Captain Ashworth, Messrs. J. J. and E. Ashworth, Miss Hills, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Bert Cox, Mr. James Scott, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Miss Philp, Mr. Fred Knowles and Mr. Simpson, Newmarket; Mr. Hees, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander,

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Davis of Sarnia was the scene of a happy event on Wednesday, November 8, when their daughter, Rea, was united in marriage to Mr. J. Arthur Blackburn of at 10 o'clock, was performed by Canon Davis, rector of St. George's church, in the presence of the immediate relatives Combination Purse of the bride and groom. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss A. Rose Davis. Mr. George D. Blackburn of Chatham was groomsman. After a dainty dejeuner was partaken of the appearance of the bride in her traveling-dress of mantle serge was the signal for departure. Amid the hearty congratulations of those present Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn left on the Grand Trunk for the East. After the wedding tour the young couple will reside at 417 Sackville street, Toronto, where Mrs. Blackburn will receive on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 28 and 29.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lukes, Mr. J. W. L. Forster,

Dr. Wylie, Mr. MacAndrew, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Alfred Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. John A.

Wood, Mr. Hamilton, Dr. Henwood and

Mr. Fred Badgerow. Sheriff Widdifield was an ideal host, and the tea was ex-

ceedingly pleasant and well arranged.

Mrs. R. A. Harrison and Miss Harrison returned home last week. Miss Harrison s very busy in her studio, where some beautiful ceramic work is on the way for

The pupils of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute will hold their annual At Home on the evening of Friday, December 8, to be followed by a promenade. Tickets may be obtained by applying to any member of

The renowned planist, Arthur Friedheim, and Mme. Friedheim, mezzo so-prano, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth when in Toronto last

An exhibition is to be held by Miss Wallace at her home, 11 Pembroke street, of pyrography, decorated photo frames and calendars, etc., also new designs in dinner and tally cards. The exhibition is dated Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Nov. 27, 28 and 20, from three to nine

At the pretty home of Mr. John Crowe, Guelph, Thursday, Nov. 16, at high noon, amidst a host of interested friends, was solemnized the marriage of his daughter, Suggestion Book Malled Free Miss Mabel Crowe, to Mr. Ernest Wm.

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Walker of the Briggs Publishing Co. of Toronto. The groomsman was the groom's brother, Mr. Fred. Lorne. The bride wore a handsome white duchesse drill, marching and dancing by the little satin gown and was attended by her ones. Among the latter may be mensisters, Miss E. Louise Crowe and little Miss Marie. Mr. and Mrs. Walker left at three o'clock on the south-bound train, and on their return from their honeymoon will reside at 28 Leopold street, Parkdale.

The Women's Aid Chapter of St. Stephen's church, under the direction of its energetic president, Mrs. John Canavan, is actively preparing for the Patriotic Festival, to be held in Broadway Hall,

Fine

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In fine imported Clocks we

have always offered as good va'ue

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never were sold at the close prices

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Ryrie Bros.

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we ask for them.

tractive.

Spadina avenue, on Tuesday evening next, sist of songs of a patriotic nature, fancy ones. Among the latter may be men-tioned Miss Phyllis Lawlor and Master Chubby Hammond. The proceeds are in aid of the building fund of the church, and, judging by the number of tickets applied for, the audience will likely be a

Mr. W. H. Coles, of the well known firm of confectioners, has left town for an extended trip in Philadelphia and New York. Pleasure and business are to be ombined, and Mr. Coles will doubtless bring back with him many new ideas for the benefit of Toronto hostesses.

Bargains

IN Christmas P. esents We have on sale a special lot of the following high class goods, which we

AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE

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Montreal, London and Birmingham, Eng.

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ARE THE BEST

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Concentrated Cocoa

Makes a Luscious drink.

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GIVE COMPLETE SATISFACTION

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Best manicuring 50c. Ten treatments 50c Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails

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MISS E. PORTER **Visiting Cards Engraving Embossing**

The Art Exhibit

of Christmas and New Year Calendars and Novelties is attracting much attention.

You are invited

BAIN BOOK COMPANY

96 Yonge Street

The Art Gallery

HE FABLE IN SLANGOF WHY SWEETIE FLEW THE TRACK &

NCE there were two Married Pet" when they were in Company, and as soon as they were at Home they Threw Things at each other. She used to watch him through a Hole in the Curtain to see if he Flirted with any Women as he walked up Street,

and he bribed the Hired Girl to tell him Everything that happened while he was off the Reservation.

The Card-Board Motto in the Dining-Room said, "Love One Another," but they were too Busy to Read.

Ina-much as he had a Clearing on top of his Head and wore Side Whiskers and had Granulated Eye Lids and was somewhat Shy as to Chin, she knew that all the Women in Town were Crazy to steal him away from her.

Likewise, inasmuch as she was the same Width all the way up and down, the same as a Poster Girl, and used to sport a Velvet Shroud with Black Beads on it and could wield a Tooth-Pick and carry on a Conversation at the same time, he knew that sooner or later some Handsome Wretch with Money would try to Abduct her.

Sometimes he would bring a Friend Home to Dinner and then if the Friend extended himself and told the Missus how well she was looking or Perjured himself over her Hand-Painting, Papa would get a Grouch and hide in the Corner.

Then she would Fan herself rapidly and ask, "Aren't you well, Dear?"

Dear would force one of those Dying.

Martyr Smiles and reply, "I am quite well, Sweetie." Then Sweetie would tell the Visitor

that Baby was simply ruining his Health through Devotion to his Employers, but they didn't seem to Appreciate him at all.

After the Visitor went away there would be Language all over the Shop and the poor Hired Girl would lock the Door and write to the Intelligence Office for a new place.

Truly, it was a Happy Little Home, with the Reverse English.

She would Frisk his Wardrobe every day or two, looking for Evidence, and he would compel her to Itemize her Accounts so that he might be sure she was not giving Jewelry to the Iceman.

She would find a certain Passage in a

Book, relating to Man's Cruelty and Woman's Silent Suffering, and then she would Mark the Passage and put it where he could Find it. Then when he Found it he would Mark it "Rot!" and put it where She could find it, and then she would Weep and write Anonymous Letters to Lady Authors telling them how Sad and Lonely she was.

But all the Time they kept up an Affectionate Front before their Acquaintances. They thought it better to avoid Scenes in Public, and although each knew that the other was False and had ceased to Love, they could not bring themselves to think of a Separation or a Divorce on account of the Cat-their Cat! The Cat must never know.

However, one of his Business Associates was On. He was a Bachelor and had lived at a European Hotel for Years, and he knew just how to Arbitrate a Domestic Scrap. So he sat down one day and gave the Husband a Good Talking-To. He said it was a Shame that such Nice People should have their Differences when it was so easy to be Happy. With that he handed over a Slew of Platitudes and Pro-



verbs such as: " A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath," "It Takes Two to Make a Quarrel," "Think Twice before you Speak Once," et cetera.

The Gist of his heart to heart little Preachment was that any Husband, with or without Side-Whiskers, could stop Rough House Proceedings and shoot all kinds of Sweetness and Light into the sassiest Mooch a Wife ever got on to herself if only he would refuse to Quarrel with her, receive her Flings without a Show of Wrath and get up every Morning ready to Plug for a Renaissance of

Oh, but it was a Lily System! The E iropean Hotel Bachelor said it couldn't

The Hu-band decided to give it a Trial. That very Afternoon he met his Wife, who had on her long Fawn Colored Coat that fell straight in the Back and was cutting a wide Swath. She had her Upper Rigging set and was trying to lanket everything on the Street. flashed a Smiling Countenance and said he was glad to see her. Then, instead of asking her When she left the House and Where she had been since then and How Soon she expected to go Home again, he told her she was looking Unusually

He handed her a Rectangle of Govern People who used "Lovey" and ment Paper with X in the Corner and told her to have a Good Time. Now, usually, when she wanted any Coin she had to Pry it out of him.

On her way home her Mind was in a Tumult. Why had he given her the Con Speech and all that Money! What was the Ulterior Motive? What had he been Doing that he should attempt to Coddle her into a Forgiving Mood ? Did he Fear that she would get next to his Past? Huh?

He just couldn't Fool her. She knew Something was Doing. Else why should he try to Fix her?

As soon as he came Home that Evening she Accused him and said she knew All. Instead of Countering with the usual Roast he told her that she was the Only Woman he had ever Loved and would she go to a Show that Evening? She went, thinking that perhaps the Other Woman might be there and she could detect some Signal passing between While at the Theater he fanned them. her and explained the Plot and was all Attention. They rode Home in a Cab because he said a Trolley Car wasn't good enough for His Queen. After they were at Home he asked her to sing the Song he had liked so much in the Old Days, My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. This was

Conclusive Proof to her that the Hussy's

Name was Bonnie.



Next morning before he started away he Kissed her For Fair and it wasn't any Make Believe, such as you see in Comic Opera between a Tenor and a Prima Donna who hate each other like Snakes as soon as they get back to the Hotel. It was a Simon-Pure Buss of the Olga Nethersole Variety. To Cap the Climax he said he would Stop In and order some

As soon as the Door slammed she Stag gered toward the Kitchen, holding on to the Furniture here and there, the same as a Sardou Heroine. In the Kitchen was a Box of Rough on Rats. Hastily Concealing it beneath the loose Folds of her Morning Gown, she went to her Room and looked in the Mirror.

Ah, when he saw that Cold, White Face, then he would be Sorry. Upon Second Thought, this didn't seem to be a Moral Certainty, so she Weakened and had the Girl take the Poison and Hide it. She said she would Live-Live to Forget his Perfidy.

That day she went back to Mamma and ook the Cat with her.

When he came Home in the Twilight he ound no Wife, no Cat. Only a Scribbled Note saying that he could no longer De eive her; that she had seen through his Diabolical Plan to Lull her Suspicions, and that she was no longer Safe in the

When the Deserted Husband went to he Friend and told him what had Hapened, the Wise Bachelor said: "Why, you Gillie, you didn't make it Strong and a blackness hung over the boulevard.

about it.

A Little Difference.

"You look haggard this morning, Baker, id man. What's the trouble?

Insomnia," said Baker. "You want to take something," said

Watson. "A trip south for instance," said Baker.

Yes," said Watson, "or better still Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

"I thought you were coming around to that," said Baker. "Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets won't work in my case." They'll work in any case," returned Baker.

'No, sir, not in mine.' "You don't know what insomnia is

caused by," asserted Watson. "Oh, don't I?" said Baker.

"No, you don't, or you'd understand how Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure it." said

"I don't deny that they cure it," said Baker.

"You said just as much," said Watson, 'No. sir."

Yes, sir.

"Excuse me," said Baker, "but I em phatically and unconditionally say 'no, sir.' On the contrary, I know of cases myself where they have cured sleepless-

"Then what did you say ! " asked Watson in despair.

"I said they wouldn't work in my case," said Baker.

said Baker.

"You said your trouble was insomnia," said Watson.

"Yes, but Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets wouldn't cure me of it," said Baker.

"Why wouldn't they?" asked Watson.

"Because it's the baby that's got it," said Baker.

"Oh, that's different," said Watson.

HE leaned back uneasily in her chair and clasped her hands over her head. His eyes followed the movement of her arms and then rested on the dainty fingers. He thought of their soft caresses and how good it had always felt to have them run through his hair. Ah well, this was the last night and why not think of the past. live over again the happy student days? Why think of the morrow, of the one

The Parting.

who had arranged it all and whose summons to come home must be obeyed. He looked into her eyes and laughed and she laughed in return. A tear rolled down her cheek and she bowed her head so that he would not see.

waiting across the sea, of the "guv'n'r

"Mon bien aimee, we act like children, do we not?" she asked gaily.

"Like two little fools," he replied "Let us not think of anything but the A Suggestion to Exterminate past-of to-night. We will listen to no song but Omar's until the morning. Let us be happy as long as we may."
"Now, Edouard, you talk like yourself.

We will not think of the morrow for it has not yet come.'

She had moved over to the mirror at the end of the room as she spoke and let loose the glorious folds of her hair. When she turned, the mistiness had disappeared from her eyes. He held out his arms to her and with a glad cry she ran to him and knelt at his feet. She drew his head down and caught her fingers in its curls, those soft auburn curls which had be longed to her alone for three long years. He stroked her cheeks and pressed kiss upon kiss on the full, red, clinging lips.

They were disturbed by the knocking of the maitre dhotel who brought the supper and wine that Edouard had ordered when he came in. And what a feast it was. The quaint Japanese tete a tete table on which so many had been spread before was drawn out of its place in the corner. Edouard had his coat off in an instant and busied himself helping Jeanne lay the cloth and arrange the dishes. They chatted and laughed light-heartedly over the latest escapades and nigiserie of the Quartier. When he lighted the skull lamp and made it the centerpiece they sat

Strange ornament for that board. was the skull of a beautiful young waif of the Seine whose body had gone to the college. Edouard was in the bloom of the morbid, brutish first days of a student and he stole the head and worked many nights preparing it when he should have been with his books. Jeanne had seen it in his rooms when they met and he gave it to her because she fancied it.

Never had Jules' cooking such a relish before nor had the wine tasted so good. Edouard saw that the glasses were filled to their brims and kept up a steady recollection of the happy days he and Jeanne had spent together. Both forgot in the abandon of the moment that the end was at hand.

" Mon bien aimee, do you remember the day you first came to the Quartier? What a greeny you were. I was sitting for Jones' 'Wood Nymph' and because my shoulders were bared and I looked at you too long you blushed like a boy. Then when we came to know each other you would not let me go to his studioany more and Jones had to give up his picture. You thought he liked me too well and you wanted me all for yourself. Eh, mon bien aimee? You got mad when he came to see me and in your foolish way you punched his nose. Ha, ha, ha! Was it not funny that day? But it was not strange for you to act that way; all men

The steeples pealed out the stroke of The conversation stopped. Jeanne looked across the table at Edouard. All the laughter died out of her eyes.

"At three o'clock you go," she said. "Ma chere, Jeanne, remember your promise. We part as if we were to meet again to morrow."

Mon bien aimee, do you think I would cause you pain? I remember. Look out and see if it is raining. I thought I heard

the patter of drops. He walked over to the window pulled aside the draperies.

The sky was overcast and threatening making mirrors out of the panes. The Moral: They don't know Anything light from the lamp reflected in them distinctly every object in the room,

Edouard saw Jeanne rise from her seal and go hastily to the escritoire near the fire place and take from a secret drawer a vial filled with a watery-looking fluid. She returned to the table, watching him all the time, and poured half of its contents into her wine glass and the other

"Mon bien aimee, is it raining or was l mistaken! Come, do not stand there. The timber grows short. Let us drink a toast to the parting."

"The sky threatens rain, but has not yet fallen, ma chere," he said, walking back to the table. "Do you propose a toast and I shall drink to it. Let me fill the glasses. The wine sparkled and snapped as it

ran into her glass. "Is that the sound of rain?" he asked as he raised his own to fill it. Jeanne ran to the window and looked out. The moment she turned he smelt the liquid in the glass and smiled. He turned it out and poured the wine.

"Come, my loved one, your toast," and she came back to the table and they raised their glasses.

" Mon bien aimer, it is this:

To the past, to those who have gone, to those who are to come, to the Quartier, to the one across the sea, waiting to become your bride, and to you, my beloved, our love and the beyond, drink!"

She drained her glass and threw it from her with a shriek. She tried to reach Edouard, but her strength failed and she fell. He had quaffed the contents of his

have been to have given her prussic acid just because she asked for it. Edouard, I am quite proud of you; really proud of you.

He was talking to himself as he put on his top-coat and adjusted it. He turned down the light and bent over the couch. Jeanne was sleeping heavily.

"Good-bye, Jeanne, my dear little one. It would have been very bad taste for us to have shuffled off under these circumstances. Don't you think so? Your pulse is strong and the heart beats good and you'll get up to morrow feeling quite well. I thought yesterday that there was one woman in this world who had some sense, but you're all alike, little one; all alike. Good-bye, Jeanne. We have had many pleasant days together and I shall always think of them.'

He kissed her and went out.-William B. Meloney in San Francisco Town Talk

Criminals.

From San Francisco Town Talk. FOR years it has been the fad of the

psychologist and criminologist to advocate the softest rosewater treatment for the poor, unfortunate criminal who has been represented as the victim of circumstances, of society, of heredity, of anything and everything but his own innate devilishness and lack of restraint, internal and external. During the term of his incarceration he has been fed, clothed and housed far better than his honest and hard-working brother on the other side of the walls; he has been taught trades and sent to school; priests and preachers have devoted their time and attention to him-not to mention the fool women, and associations have been formed for the sole purpose of watching over his welfare and helping him along when he is liberated. Actuated by their desire to promote joy in heaven, those good people strive to make penitents of the jail-birds while neglecting the sufferings and sorrows of the innocent. This is in accordance with the teaching of the Bible, but as heaven is a place where there is nothing but joy, a little more or less should not be of consequence, and there is really no need of fostering it by a lax administration of affairs in such a place as San Quentin, where apparently prisoners have no difficulty in obtaining opium, whisky and weapons. Despite kind treatment the convicts are not regenerated, and within the last year or two there has been a modification of opinion as to the efficacy of the suzarcoated methods of our penologists. All over the land there has sounded a call for the whipping-post and at a recent meeting of a Chautauqua Circle in Newburgh, N. Y., Rev. C. F. Wixon, an elderly clergyman, declared himself in favor of exterminating criminals. When asked how this could be accomplished he answered: "I believe that when a man is twice convicted of a grave crime he ought to be exterminated, because crime is hereditary. I don't like the guillotine; it's too bloody. I don't like hanging; it's too violent. I don't like electrocution: it's too uncertain and expensive. I'd chloroform them. I don't

Neglected Cheer.

believe in saddling the expense of main-

taining 100,000 criminals on honest

met a skeptic, and I thought 'Of earth's best gifts he knoweth naught; Well might it brim his soul with hope If only he would care for soap.

A Non-Sequitur.

Her heart beat high with hope and cheer-He spoke of diamonds being dear, But brought his visit to a close Just when she thought he would propose

Heartless-Will you love me when I'm old, dear? "I can tell better when I see you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Nearly Every Newspaper



You Find Evidence From Some One Who Has Been Cured of Piles by Using

Dr. Chase's Cintment.

Men and women who are cured of piles are so grateful for relief from the acute suffering and the annoying symptoms of this loathsome disease that they feel it their duty to tell other sufferers the good

In nearly every newspaper which you pick up you find some evidence in regard to the efficiency of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles and itching skin dis-

It is truly a wonder of medical science which has won the approval of the most skilled physicians, as well as the heartfelt gratitude of scores of thousands of cured ones, who had suffered all sorts of misery from blind, itching bleeding or protruding piles.

piles.
Dr. Chase's Ointment is recognized as fell. He had quaffed the contents of his glass and laughing looked down at the beautiful form lying at his feet. He stooped after musing for a moment and picking her up placed her on a couch. "Well, sir, for once in your life you did something right. What an ass you would something right. What an assy you would something right. What an assy you would something right. The first application. Dr. Chase's Continent is sold by all dealers at 60 cents a box, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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The New Hat.

R. MEEKLY was going to purchase a new hat, and Mrs. Meekly was going with him to assist in selecting it. She had expressed great dissatisfaction with various articles of wearing appare bought by her husband recently, and intimated that he didn't take pains and time

enough in his shopping. 'You men are always making fun of us women," said she, "and sneering about our getting samples and such things, but we wait until we see just what we want and then buy it. You rush in and take the first thing that the salesman shows you, no matter what it is. Now I'm going with you this time, to show you how to buy judiciously."

"You're not going to ask for samples of the different styles of hats, are you, Henrietta?" enquired her husband anxiously; but Mrs. Meekly scornfully re-

They entered the store, where the sales man looked at Mr. Meekly's cranium with the eye of an expert, and then produced a hat which he declared to be exactly suited to his customer's type of head.

Mr. Meekly tried it on, and said he liked the looks of it pretty well," but his better half put it aside with scoffing. "The idea! That's just like you, Marmaduke. That hat makes you look about a hundred. Show us something

The salesman showed them very many somethings," and Mr. Meekly tried on one shape after the other, while his wife pounced on each like a kingfisher on a minnow. One, in her estimation, made him look like a "countryman"; another tipped too far forward" and showed his bald spot" too much; the next one came down over his ears so that he "looked the perfect image of the man that sells lead pencils on the corner.'

Mr. Meekly bore the ordeal patiently until his wife exclaimed that the latest experiment made him look like a "jailird," when he ventured to suggest:

"Perhaps we had better not try on any more just now, Henrietta. I'm degenerating so fast that I'm afraid I shall be arrested when we get on the street again. Don't you think we had better try some where else?" "Nonsense!" said the irate Mrs. M

There must be a hat somewhere in this store to fit you and become you. If I was a salesman I could find it, I know. I believe I can as it is. There ! "-grabbing a hat from the pile on the counter-"that hat looks more like what you ought to have than any I've seen yet. Try it on."

Mr. Meekly tried it on as directed, and his wife looked him over critically. "There!" she said again. "I knew there was a gat in this store for you, if any one

Out-wears the Skirt S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge Skirt Binding

to the skirt-it is as handsome as it is durable-the brush edge is practically indestructible-the Famous Natural Curve (no other binding can have it)

makes it fit as though it were a part of the skirtthe picture illustrates one of the few ladies who persist in binding with braid, which never looks well, never

wears well, and never stays on. THE S. H. & M. CO., 24 FRONT ST. W., TORONTO, ONT had sense enough to find it. Don't you think that's the best-looking hat you've had on ?"

"Yes, I do," was the answer.
"So do I. Wrap it up, young man." And it was wrapped up accordingly. When they got out on the street Mrs Meekly said, in tones of triumph :

"You've got a becoming hat at last, thanks to me. Now haven't you?" "Yes," answered her husband, calmly, 'I like it. But then I liked it before. This is the hat I tried on first."-Joe Lincoln in the Bazar.

A Friend's Advice.

Mildred cast herself down on the divan, plunged her head into the cushions, and

wrestled with her indecision. "Tell me," she said to Laura, her dearest friend, "how to decide. I have just had two offers of marriage, one from Old Millions and the other from his son. I love

Laura took no time for deliberation. "It is merely a question of money, then," she answered, "and of health. Take the one who looks nearest his grave.'

Mabel-Would you marry a man who had been refused? Dolly—If he were rich and the refusing had been by the insurance companies.—Life.

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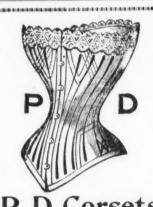


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The Boer Army.

Its Weak and Strong Points, by the Editor of the Late Boer Newspaper, the Standard and Diggers' News. S the Boer a first-class fighting man

He has yielded to a superior intelligence and, perhaps, a deeper determination at Glencoe and Elands Laagte; but in no engagement has he proved himself a contemptible foe in courage or in tactics. Nor would we British have it otherwise. It is no part of the British character to depreciate an enemy, and, for their very stubbornne s in opposing us, we to-day acclaim the Zulus, the Afghans, the Afridis, and the Dervishes as first-class fighting men. Has the Boer likewise earned a right to a place among the foemen worthy of our highest skill and most exalted courage?

The strength of the Boer forces is an unknown quantity. Shortly before the out-break of hostilities I received a cable giving the Field Cornets' returns at 52,000 men capable of bearing arms. At the time this was received by the British press as an exaggerated estimate, and it was only after careful calculation, and after consultation with the men best able to form an opinion, that I accepted its approximate accuracy. Events have proved that it was within the mark.

Three years ago the Transvaal Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs assured me that the Boer strength was 34,000 men armed with rifles. Dr. Leyds' more recent estimate is 35,000 burghers. The number and strength of the commandoes now in the field prove that the British ante-war calculations greatly undervalued the Boer force. To-day there cannot be less than 60,000 men in arms-no mean army of sharpshooters.

I use the word sharpshooters with intention. The idea has gone abroad that the Boer can no longer shoot straight; but this applied to the bulk of the burghers is a fallacy.

Uitlander critics-and published comment has been almost wholly confined to these—have judged the Boer race from the weaklings who have drifted into Johannesburg and the mining camps along the Rand. But these are no more representative of the nation than the Hooligans of Blackfriars and Lambeth are typical of the great mass of the people throughout the length and breadth of England.

It needs a Selous, who has hunted by day with them and lain by the camp fire alongside them at night, to speak with authority of the Boers who are now opposing Great Britain on the borders of the Transvaal. The Police is the last resort of the indigent Transvaaler, and the Johannesburg Zarp is-alike in courage and in morality-everyway comparable to Wellington's Peninsular soldier. From them the Uitlanders have judged the race.

But the great mass of the nation is today, as in 1880, a people of simple habitsgazing wide-mouthed at a train and fear ing the wrath of God in chastisement for a street-lamp or a telephone. One sees them upon the veld, trippling lankily on shaggy South African ponies, caring naught for anything beyond their sheep, and acknowledging no authority save God's, the Veld Kornet's, and the Predikant's.

These are the men on whom the defence of the Republic has devolved, and the British forces have yet to measure strength with them in the field. General Joubert is not devoid of a Moltke-like indifference to human sacrifice where the exigencies of the case demand. But Slim Piet is careful to offer only such lives as he can best spare. These lay in the Johannesburg contingent—the commando where clerkly Hollanders bivouacked alongside weedy Boers from the Fordsburg slumsand they were sent to draw the British

fire at Elands Laagte. The Boer degeneracy has been confined in great part to the men of the towns; the others are shepherds, hunters, and transport-riders, as in the days of their wars against the Matabele, the Xosas, and the Zulus. Game has grown pitiably less in quantity, but proportionately more difficult to take. I do not find that Boer The men of the Wakkerstroom district, for instance-those nearest to the present seat of war-take their herds for six months of every year into the highlands in search of forage and water. They live there the traditional open life of the Boer, dependent on their guns and wood-

craft for their sustenance. In all the engagements since Elands Laagte the cannon have been withdrawn so soon as the British advance became definitely apparent. The Boers, freed from the anchorage of their artillery, have pursued their old tactics of rapid retreats from the point of most virulent attack with compensating attacks on flank. In Carleton's case the strategy, aided by the old native trick of stamped.

ing the enemy's horses, proved successful. To the Boer a position has no importance save as a place to fight from. One kopje-top is the same as another kopjetop, and, if the enemy beset one overmuch, it is wise to remove to another. With cannon this manœuvre is impos sible. Men must stand by the guns or lose them. The typical Boer will lose them; and I question if any of the old commandoes will consent to give battle hampered by stationary or cumbersome

artillery. The strength of the Boers, then, lies in the back country commandces who will engage, maybe in considerable numbers, but who will invariably avoid heavy assault by rapid retreats, followed by reformations on the flank of the opposing force. The weakness lies in the inability to co-operate with artillery-not that their commanders do not understand its value, but that the burghers resent its immo-

The most serious weakness of the Boer army is the scarcity of its gunners. Already there has been a terrible deathrate among the artillerists, and it must be remembered that each vacancy is a permanent vacancy. Joubert can bring up commando after commando to take the place of the killed among his mounted



"Why don't you say 'How do you do' to this gentleman?"
"Cos I don't want to know how he does?"—Punch.

of the men who have been trained to work them. It is for that reason that the naval contingent has become, McSwollop. "Oblivion isn't a place! It's of a moment, worth a whole division of reinforcements to General White. The average Boer would as soon stand before the muzzle of a loaded can-non as take charge of it at the breech. It was with the greatest difficuity the native born members of the Staat's Artillerie have been induced to practice with their guns at Pretoria. At no time have they been fond of their mighty and mysterious arms. In the artillery lies the chief weakness of the

The strength of the Boers, on the other hand, lies in the presence at their head of DOUGLAS STORY.

From Gananoque.

Correspondent Writes That Dodd's Kid- of no use."

ney Pills Have Cured Him of Kidney Disease. Daniel Boucher Experimented With Medi-

cines for Eighteen Years—Finally Per-suaded to Try Dodd's Kidney Pills—Five Boxes Cured Him. GANANOQUE, Nov. 20 .- Mr. Daniel Bou-Disease for eighteen years. And for the best part of that eighteen years he has time, he had never experienced the slight-

est relief. And now after eighteen years of it he is cured by five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The question arises, why did he not try Dodd's Kidney Pills before? The weapon has lain ready to his hand for the last ten years, why did he not use it? Surely he must long have known that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured hundreds of others

right in his own town. It is hard to understand. Natural perof Dodd's Kidney Pills. He may have thing is spoiled. been prejudiced by some other means, but however it was Mr. Boucher came round to Dodd's Kidney Pills at last and is a

healthy man in consequence. He writes: "For eighteen years I have been troubled with Kidney Disease. I prowess in the chase has markedly depreget no relief. I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have finished five boxes and am completely cured. I highly recommend them to all suffering as I did. used to have to stop work for two or three days in the week on account of backache, but now I can do a day's work with anybody."

The Passing of the Horse.

66 6 HE horse has gone by," said Mrs. McSwollop, reading from her half of the morning paper. McSwollop, dropping his half of the paper and running to the window.

"No particular horse—any horse—all myself.
orses, you know. I was reading aloud "I remember one evening ride in par horses, you know, I was reading aloud from the paper," said Mrs. McSwollop.
"Oh!" said the masculine half of the family, returning to his chair. "Well, dark. Old Ned knew his way so well that

chat has he gone by ?" number, so to speak! The editor says should say, 'Mary,'—said I—" that the horse as a means of locomotion "I don't seem to remember that," inthat the horse as a means of locomotion and as a useful animal is destined to drop terrupted Mrs. McSwollop, rather sharply. into oblivion."

editor is always dropping persons and ably you've forgotten the circumstances, things into oblivion. I should think But, as I was saying, an automobile is no

infantry, but he has no recruits where- oblivion would be filled up after a while. with to man his depleted guns. Their efficiency is dependent upon the lives a paper there. That's just about the place

> -it's-it's where there isn't anything, and -and where there is nothing going on, you know—"
> "Of course I know, my dear. However,

I don't care where oblivion is or what it is, it's a better place for that editor than New York. I'm sick of his opinions and foolish "Egbert, don't get excited."

"I don't care; just listen to his state ment about-about the goneness of the Of course he says the automobile is taking the animal's place. Well, it isn't, and it never will, except in certain hand, lies in the presence at their head of all the old leaders save Nicolaas Smit, for delivering parcels at people's houses, dead in 1896, and J. H. M. Koch, killed at and the motor-mailcart is all right for de Elands Laagte. The Boer brain is still livering mails at the stations, and the motor-cab's all right for delivering females at the shopping district, but when you've said that, you've said about all you can for the things: as pleasure vehicles they are

"Why not?" said Mrs. McSwollop, amazed. "I thought that's just what they were for."

left on some other contrivance? It tires a cher, of this town, suffered with Kidney man's temper and patience enough to take two nervous women to drive behind the sleepiest kind of a horse. They're always been striving to get cured. Experiment- afraid they'll be run away with, and they're ing with medicines and doctors all the sure to scream if you touch the whip, or sure to scream if you touch the whip, or if a hen goes across the road. But just think of a poor chap's taking his motherin-law and his wife out for an automobile ride! It would be, 'Oh, don't go so fast!'
'Oh, put on the brake, quick!' 'Oh, I know the lever will get caught and we shall be killed! Great Scott! I'd be in the last stages of paresis in a week.

"And romance and poetry toc. Take the horse out of the novel, and what's left behind the ruined castle of De Blitzensnitz versity is often the only explanation in | when a solitary automobiler might have such cases. Mr. Boucher may have been deceived by the pretensions of imitators cart up the hill.' Nonsense! the whole

"And for poetry, listen now-

" But there's a road from Winchester town, A good broad highway leading down : And there in the flush of the morning's heat A motor-wagon, all lacquered neat, Passed like a snow-plough up the street: It buzzed and sneezed like a trolley bold, And Sheridan, working the thing, was gay For he was but fifteen miles away.

"Isn't that an inspiring anthem?

where are your farm pieces and battle pictures? 'The wounded soldier with his faithful automobile beside him.' 'The family pet-a group of farmer's children patting their dear old motor tip-cart.' And wouldn't a charge of automobile cavalry be a dream?

"And as a vehicle for lovers-oh my oh my! Do you remember, Mrs. M., the "Whose horse? Where? I long rides we used to have behind old Ned don't see any horse," cried Mr. | when I was a callow country youth and you were a red-I should say Titian-haired country lassie? I remember them so well

I let the reins hang loose and put one arm "Why, he is past, you know-a back about your dainty waist. 'Grace'-er-I

"Well, well, never mind, my dear," con "Humph!" growled her husband; "that | tinued her husband, hurriedly. "Prob-

"No doubt that's what that editor thinks, but it isn't so. Where's the pleasure in holding on to a lever with one hand and a brake with the other, and keeping the right foot on a gong and the

ingly.

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HOME, MANITOBA. Mr. A. E. Wilson, Principal, Government Home, Eikhorn, Man. writes undetted: Enclosed please find \$1.00 or two bottles of Japanese Catarriure. Some time ago we purchased iree bottles, and must say it gave wongeful results in every case. It certains is an article of merit."

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cure his or her catarrh is doing about the same thing. He is slowly committing suicide, only it will take him a little longer to get to the grave. Uncured catarrh invariably leads to consumption. It cannot help it. Each fresh cold drives it farther and farther down until it reaches the delicate lung tissues and then the doctor calls it consumption. He might just as well call it unwered extern. cured catarrh.

It is possible to cure catarrh, but if you are trying to do it without Japanese Catarrh Cure, we're afraid you'll keep an trying. We know that this will cure positively. It has done it many, many times; it has cured catarrh of 18 and 25 years' standing. It does not matter whether yours is in the throat, nose or ears. Japanese Catarrh Cure will reach it-and cure it.

Why don't you try it. 50 cents from all druggists. Send a 5c stamp for a free sample to

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vehicle for a drive with your best girl over a wood road on a dark night. It can't be trusted to pick its own way, and, if driven with one hand, is just as liable to run into the bushes and try to climb a tree. No, ma'am. I believe I've proved my case. The motor-wagon is all well enough in its way and in its proper sphere

of action, but there will always be plenty of room for the horse-plenty of room." "There is plenty of room for one in our stable," said Mrs. McSwollop, insinuat

'There is." replied her husband we will not purchase one until the price drops down into oblivion as well as the "And take the horse out of art, and equine himself. Just at present my pocket-book is about as empty as the stable."-Joe Lincoln in the Bazar.

Slain.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. You who are still and white And cold like stone

For whom the unfailing light Is spent and done. For whom no more the breath Of dawn, nor evenfall, for Spring, nor love nor death Matter at all.

Who were so strong and young, And brave and wise, And on the dark are flung With darkened eyes.

Who roystered and caroused But yesterday, And now are dumbly housed In stranger clay.

Who valiantly led, Who followed valiantly, Who knew no touch of dread Of that which was to be.

Children that were as naught Ere ye were tried, How have ye dared and fought, Triumphed and died!

Yea, it is very sweet.

How Our Fathers Taught.

Eastern cousin, and his host was entertaining him by showing the family heir-

me my first lesson in arithmetic."

"Father promise to let you shoot it on our next birthday?"

"No."
"Point it at your head, if you didn't count correctly l"
"Nothing of the kind."
"Shoot you through your left ear?"
"No; we do not believe in pierced ears."
"Then I give it up,"the Westerner said, with a deep sigh.
"Oh," his cousin replied, repressing a broad grip, "he laid the gun away, and used the ramred."—Life.



People who are languid, tired out or suffering from the after effects of La Grippe can here in the mineral waters of the springs win back neath and strength. A card will bring you descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for human health and comfort. Health-giving prings, pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

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And decorou aipotent Shade to meet And flatter thus. A Western man was on a visit to his

"See this old gun," he said. "It taught "How?" his guest asked, curiously. "It's dead easy. Guess."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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Brides of the Year, page illustration. The Punishment of Donald McEachren, a story by Edmund E. Sheppard, with illustrations

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Bloodless Tragedy, by Sam Williams, with illustrations by the well known cartoonist,

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Dividing the Pie, a page illustration. Tim Hooley's Wan Chick, a Christmas story by

Christmas

HE charming young wife of elderly Col. Bonham, weary of her dull existence at Fort Grant, Arizona listened to the insidious flatteries of Capt. Hedgman and was finally persuaded that she loved him. She was the daughter of a millionaire ranchman Henry Canby, and Lieut. Denton, of the same cavalry regiment as the two other officers already named, was in love with Canby's other daughter. Young Dentor was the special favorite of the Colonel who had befriended him from childhood. Colonel Bonham was called away from Fort Grant, and Capt. Hodgman had per suaded Mrs. Bonham to run away with him, carrying such money and valuables as could be had, when suddenly Lieut Denton confronts the pair, locks the door, and, pistol in hand, denounces the cures the money which that scamp had obtained from the unhappy woman, and ejects him from the premises. The woman now realizes that she has been saved from a supreme folly, and with talk tries to rehabilitate herself in Denton's eyes, when her husband's voice is heard in the hall. She hurriedly locks the door again and explains that it is really he, Denton, of whom her husband jealous, and hides him in a window The Colonel tells her that he was overtaken by a telegram making it unneces sarv for him to make the trip contem plated, and that on returning he was met at the gate by Capt. Hodgman, who told him that Denton was in his rooms. She denies it, but the Lieutenant is discovered. The lealous husband is furious, and Denton is about to explain when he realizes what this will mean to the Colonel's wife and to the Colonel, who dotes loyable presentations the stage has seen. of powers is claimed for her. Tickets for try to do so.

on her. He stops. The Colonel insists, and finally calls in the guard, and a search reveals the bag of money which Denton had recovered from the captain. Did he steal the money, or did the woman give it to him? Equally bad, either, in the Colonel's eyes. The lieutenant must either explain or resign, and he writes his resignation.

This is the critical part of the plot of Arizona, the new play, by Augustus Thomas, presented at the Grand Opera House during the first half of the week. The story is well told, and dramatically is most effective. The subsequent details of the plot are too intricate to enumerate here, and it may sound hum-drum to say that it all comes out fairly well at the end with-but I will hasten to add that there is nothing commonplace or stale in the development of the story. At no point can your experience of plays enable you to foresee what will happen next, and each act has its own startling but legitimate climax. Each climax is a surprise, but satisfying. Arizona must take rank among the most skilfully constructed of plays. Its craftsmanship is ingenious and The company is finely balmasterly. anced and all are imbued with what must be the true feeling that moved the playwright. I can suggest but one improve ment in the acting. At the last, when Mrs. Bonham is making her explanation, she should not forget that in confessing that she and Capt. Hodgman had been on the point of eloping, the announcement is not a casual fact, but a complete surprise to all her auditors save Lieut. Denton : nor should the others who hear this secret, the chivalrous guarding of which up to this point by Denton is the main fact of the play, hear it confessed without some visible sign that they appreciate its import. That scene is very brief at best, considering its significance, and it requires thoughtful acting. If the play has a weakness it is there; if the company failed in anything, it was in the treatment of that passage.

Arizona is a fine play well played, and it should now be admitted that the United States, after long search for a playwright, has at last really found one. Augustus Thomas has now two first-class dramas to his credit. As to the players, Mr. Victor Serrano as Lieut. Denton, Mr. Theodore Roberts as Henry Canby, Mr. George Nash as Capt. Hodgman, Mr. Malcolm Gunn as Dr. Fenlon, Mr. Edgar Selwyn as Tony Mostenc, Miss Adora Andrews as Bonita Canby-in fact, all are admirably chosen performers, and present this sterling drama with almost faultless

"Hello, Mike," said one man to another on the back of a Queen street car on Monday night about eleven o'clock, "wuz ye down to the Empire?" "No, I wuzn't," said Mike, who resented any such accusation in public. "Yes ye wuz, now, insisted the other, "ye musta been-it's the only place where ye can chaw an' spit aginst the wall." This remark discloses one of the chief advantages of the Empire

Broadway Hall was well filled on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, November 15 and 16, when the Victoria Dramatic Club started their ninth season by presenting the comedy, by T. J. Williams, I've Written to Browne, or A Needless Stratagem. The cast was as follows:

Mr. Otway Sheridan Browne Mr. W. N. N. Norrie

Mrs. Walsingham Miss violet L. Towers
Laura her sister Miss Grace Freeman Laura, her sister... Miss Grace ... Master Charles F. Barton

Buttons The members of the Club intend putting on a number of plays during the season. It has been apparent for some time that

the Cummings Stock Company at the Princess Theater would require to have some new art-energy and pride-of-work infused into it or "the game would be Either a great deal of new blood is needed, with an enlarged company, so her hand, Frances E. Macartney, with illu-trations by Carl Ahrens, A.R.C.A. that plays before being produced can be studied, rehearsed and presented in such studied, rehearsed and presented in such way that they would be recognizable to their authors, or the stock company idea in Toronto must be considered to have The sudden announcement that Ralph Cummings, who had been advertised to play Svengali in this week's performance of Trilby, had on Saturday last severed his connection with the stock company, may perhaps be considered the first of several necessary changes if conscientious work is to be done. It is announced that Lester Lonergan has been secured as leading man at the Princess, and perhaps he will be able to pull the company into shape. It is this week giving fifteen cents' worth of Trilby. The objection I have to the recent work done at the Princess is the same as that against the department stores, which pretend to give big bargains but only seem to do so. An essay might be written on Bargains in Art. It usually costs a dollar or more to see Trilby, or Diplomacy, or any good play, just as it usually costs a dollar or more to buy a man's linen shirt. and if you get either the play or the shirt for fifteen cents you may depend that it is worth just about what you pay for it. The shirt has no style about it, nor has the play; there was no skill or care used in the preparing of either; and just about as much art and linen in one as in the

> An interesting dramatic event will the appearance of Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell presenting Sardou's La Tosca, Gismonda, and Fedora at the Grand Opera House for one week, beginning Monday evening. Miss Walsh has been royally received throughout the largest cities in the country and her work and genius have been warmly praised. The characters she enacts call for talent of the highest kind, and in the play of La Tosca all the wonderful dramatic power which Miss Walsh possesses in Miss Greta Masson of Boston, soprano such a marked degree is brought into action. The result is one of the most en-

This actress has decided adaptability for a part like this. Fedora may be theatrical in its device and effects, as are all of Sardou's works, but it is truly genuinely dramatic. In construction it is a masterpiece. In Gismonda the French dramatist has taken a simple theme, and evolved therefrom an intensely dramatic story, which fairly bristles with telling situations and effective dialogue.. He is a master in the delineation of all the phase of human passion and he is fearless in the treatment of questions that less skilful play-writers avoid. It is worthy of note that Sardou has *ketched a series of women, each more remarkable than her predecessor, and that Gismonda is the last and most interesting of all. In the palace scene Miss Walsh will wear a girdle that is said to have \$50 000 worth of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds set in an exquisite net-work of gold. That Melbourne MacDowell will be again welcome in this city does not need to be said. He is an excellent actor, his company is most capable, the scenic effects will be elaborate and impressive, and the plays will be brilliantly costumed. On Monday night and at the Wednesday matinee La Tosca will be presented. Gismonda will be the bill on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, and Saturday matinee. Fedora will receive a single performance on Saturday night. The advance sale of seats ensures a large and fashion able audience for the engagement.

Julia Arthur to-night drops Bergerat's play, More Than Queen, which she has been presenting at the Broadway Theater, New York, and on Wednesday next will give a first production of Ben-Hur. Last year I was delighted to hear that Miss Arthur had stopped one of her per formances, rung down the curtain, and publicly rebuked persons who were disturbing the performance. But she repeated the action a week or two ago. which parhaps calls for the observation that Miss Arthur should not allow this to develop into a habit.

Mr. E. H. Sothern is playing The Song of the Sword at Daly's Theater, New York. It is said to be a nice combination of romance and comedy, with a most effective battle scene as its chief feature.

Toronto people who visited New York last week had difficulty in deciding which star actors to see, there being about a dozen of them holding forth at rival theaters. The Trust shows an inclination to keep the big people in New York and send "echoes" on tour. Among the rival stars in Gotham last week were: Irving and Terry, John Drew, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Annie Russell, Julia Arthur, William Gillette, E. H. Sothern, Henry Miller, William H. Crane, Alice Nielsen. and many others of gradually diminishing merit. Irving and Terry move on, but this week along come Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in The Elder Miss Blossom, and Richard Mansfield in Cyrano de Bergerac.

Speaking about The Elder Miss Blossom, which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are playing on their present American tour, one of the New York critics says that it is a comedy with a pathetic side, and briefly sketches the theme of the piece as follows:

sketches the theme of the piece as follows:

The central idea of the piece is that an offer of marriage from a scientific explorer, Andrew Quick, F. R. S., who is obliged to leave England for three years, falls into the hands, not of the younger Miss Blossom, for whom it was intended, but of the elder Miss Blossom, as pinster already somewhat passee and whose happiness at believing nerself loved by a man of fine attainments like Quick therefore is all the more intense. One can readily see the possibilities of a role like the elder Miss Blossom as enacted by Mrs. Kendal. The lighter scenes, when she is anticipating the return of Andrew Quick, are said to show a very light and delicate comedy touch. On the other hand, the scene in which he leaves the truth is said to be touch. On the other hand, the scene in which she learns the truth is said to be rendered with a full appreciation of the motional stress underlying the situation The happy denouement is brought about by the fact that Andrew Quick learns to appreciate the noble qualities of the elder Miss Blossom, and in the end becomes a real and, of course, a successful suitor for

Mack will be on the bill, also Nellie Law rence, Hanson & Nelson, Fanny Fields, the Musical Colby's, the Biograph, and a dishonesty is introduced into a game it star act is also being secured by wire to come on from New York. The Biograph certainly a splendid success, and fills those who see it for the first time with delight and astonishment.

The Katzenjammer Kids is the aston ishing title of the farce-comedy that will appear at the Toronto Opera House next week. The Blondells are at the head of the company, and are said to be supported by many other smart specialty people.

Rose Coghlan and John T. Sullivan. ith an excellent company, will soon play The White Heather in Toronto. This piece made a hit here last year without these two stars and without the fine cos tuming which is said to be a feature of

Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick of Philadelphia has been engaged by the Conservatory School of Elocution to give two recitals in the Conservatory Music Hall on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, December 9. Mr. Southwick, as a drama tic interpreter of Shakespeare, is unqualed on the recital platform of to-day. He is," says the Boston Times, thorough Shakespearean scholar and a superb elocutionist. Lights and shades lways harmonize. He has no tricks of delivery, and reads his lines with such delicacy of finish, such suggestiveness and acute sympathy that even to those who know their Shakespeare well, his inter-pretations come with a forceful, lightgiving power." Mr. Southwick will give a lecture-recital of Hamlet in the afteroon, and an in erpretative recital of Bulwer Lytton's romantic drama, Richelieu, in the evening. At both of these recitals Mr. Southwick will be assisted by soloist. Miss Masson is a new artist in the field, and an unusual combination

these recitals may be had at the Conser vatory office on or after November 27.

George W. Monroe, in his imperson tion of a stout, jolly Irishwoman, is making plenty of fun at the Toronto Opera House this week. Some good specialties and by-play are introduced in the piece.

Cora Tanner, who frequently starred to olg houses at the Grand, is now playing in vaudeville and is the star at Shea's Theater this week. Miss Tanner, like many other clever people, finds bidger salaries and better opportunities in vaude ville than on the dramatic stage. The show is a good one and the large audiences are greatly pleased and quick to applaud the rapid succession of clever turns" presented.

The Decline of Rugby.

T is all very well for players and

those closely associated with those who play to insist that the game of Rugby is not losing ground, but however vigorously or even sav agely enthusiasts may resent the isms of mere spectators, the ultimate eckoning cannot be averted. The opinion gains ground that the tone of Rugby is degenerating until now it is about on a level with baseball. Baseball is probably the greatest game ever played, ruined by its surroundings. It encourages lying on the part of basemen and baserunners. It encourages brag, bluster and slang, the players being expected to deride and abuse their opponents. The game is usually played without honor or honesty, and young fellows who would corn to lie or to take advantage of a lie boldly stated by an associate, will themboldly lie in playing baseball, and will loudly abuse an umpire who may have given a just decision or who, if wrong, erred conscientiously. The spectators are usually ardent sympathizers with one team or the other, and without sense of justice or sportsmanlike feeling "roast" the umpire and the opposing players. It is a demoralizing game with its cheating, brow-beating, loud-mouthed coaching. It is the finest game in the world gone

Lacrosse has gone the same way. Players who get paid or who get positions in a town in order to play lacrosse, have not the same restraints them that legitimate amateurs had, and the game first became dishonest, then dishonorable, and now it is falling into rowdyism.

wrong, as any game will go wrong when

in the playing of it common honesty is not

observed.

The game of Rugby as played in Canada is following in the same evil course. It is now in the dishonest stage; next year it will be dishonorable, and the year after it will exhibit open rowdyism. This will be true unless something is done at once. A game, like a man, must preserve ts character or lose it.

If a person who had not seen a local Rugby game for three or four years had witnessed the contest between the Argonauts and the Granites on Saturday last in Toronto, he would have been amazed at the deterioration in the game in every way. In the first place the tone has fallen off lamentably. Not long ago the Rugby referee was supreme and loyally obeyed. His decisions were never uestioned, unless by the captains, and by them quietly if at all. seldom spoke. Last Saturday the players wrangled and talked almost continuously, while yells of "Rotten" arose at inter vals from the spectators. There was no orutal play and none that was particu larly rough, but the game had lost its distinguishing character, its sportsman like quality. Both sides descended to sharp practices, and tried to outwit and intimidate the officials by making loud claims for the ball and by demanding free kicks. The spirit of baseball animated the contestants and spread to the spec tators. The rules have for a year or more een disregarded, and each player considers it no longer his duty, but that of the officials, to maintain the rules. Therefore Next week at Shea's Theater Monroe & he violates the rules against off-side play and interference whenever he thinks he i not watched. This is dishonest, and when finds many ways of expressing itself. A few years ago-even two or three-we

> could see the scrimmage form up and see the ball get into play. On Saturday we could not once see a scrimmage formed by either team. It was always nothing better than a tumbling, formless heap of wrestlers. Not long ago the quarter-back was a person of some importance; on Saturday last there was no way of telling who was playing quarterback, so formless, mob-like and unintelligent was the play. When you review the game and mentally compare it with the Rugby of two or three seasons ago you begin to realize that this is not the same game at all, for although the rules have not been changed much the play has been revolutionized. The reason is, I think, that the players are now tacitly exempted from obedience to the rules; each man is free to cheat and outwit the officials if he can, and is expected to try to do it. It is not called cheating; but it is nothing else, even though both sides engage in it. No referee on earth could hold down a game in which thirty men are trying to violate the rules to their own advantage. A game can only be played honestly when the players will it so, and when violations of rules are due to accident or ignorance, as was generally the case until about two or three years ago. There was genuine indignation among spectators and players alike when it began to be observed that opposing teams-for you see the faults of an opposing team before you see those of your own-were ignoring the spirit of the game and violating rules in the hope of being undetected. There has been a big come-down since them, and now thirty men try to outwit the referee. It is an unequal contest and the referee must always be beaten. He alone cannot make the game an honest one, and the worst of it is he knows he cannot, and does not half | that he grew fat on it?" THE UMPIRE.

Rosa Bonheur and the Horse Fair.

OSA BONHEUR (Marie Rosalie Bonbeur, born March 22, 1822, died May 25, 1899) made her first mark as an artist by exhibiting in her eighteenth year a study of rabbits at the Paris Salon. From that time until the day of her death she was never lost sight of in the world of art. One of her first really great paintings was Plowing in Nivernals, exhibited at the Salon in 1850, and now in the Luxembourg gallery. It was in 1853 that the fame of Rosa Bonheur spread over the world, when she exhibited her great picture, The Horse Fair, representing life-sized horses at a market. This picture, by means of photographs and engravings, soon became familiar to art-lovers in all countries. 1855 the painting was shown in London, It was brought to the United States in 1857 by W. P. Wright of Weehawken, and sold to the late A. T. Stewart for \$40,000. At the Stewart sale in March, 1887, it was the chief center of interest, and on March 25 it was bought by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$55 500, and next day pre ented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York, where it now is.

The Horse Fair consists of a group of strong Percheron horses, white, dappled, black, and brown, being exercised by their lusty grooms in the fresh morning light before a numerous crowd of onlookers and



Marie Rosalie Bonheur.

buyers. It is broad and masterly in composition, as well as in construction and the free handling of its lights and shadows; yet the detail is worked out in perfection, and the effect produced by the group of sleek stallions chafing at their hits is one which lingers in the memory of every man who looks upon it, be he an | fully accept and assimilate the fact that admirer of art or only a lover of horses. All the previous reproductions of this

great painting have left much to be desired, as all who have seen the original will admit. The recent death of the painter revived interest in the painting, and it was considered an appropriate time to reproduce the work in its original colors, and this has been done for SATUR-DAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER, and so well done that even the brush marks of the painter are shown. This is the finest premium picture that any Christmas think his rays had become more golden

A Lesson in Thinking.

RECENTLY attended a conference of teachers and educators where the discussion turned chiefly upon the art of being real. Much was said that was suggestive and valuable specially in the bearings of the subject pon education; such as the need of placing before the children, even in the lower grades, real literature instead of the namby-pamby stuff contained in the readers, real pictures, real works of art. the best that can be had.

Most of our teaching is fragmentary and irrelevant. We do not lead the child or the youth to think of wholes or to see wholes. In life how important it is to see things in their relations-to see wholesand we cannot begin too early to encourage this habit in the child. Seeing only a part or a fragment makes bigots and fanatics.

Let a man in the wilderness fix his at tention too closely upon details and special eatures of the country, neglecting to carry the woods in his mind as a whole and their relation to the various points of the compass, and presently he finds he is lost. Any forest or any wilderness may be traversed if we do not lose our grasp upon it as a whole and the relation of our course to that whole.

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All the geographical details of the earth how unimportant they are in compari-son with the conception of the globe as a whole and the relations of the various lands and waters upon its surface to each other as parts of that whole. It is only by an effort of the imagination that we can see the earth as a sphere. To the senses it is a boundless diversified plane: it is in itself almost a liberal education to fully grasp and realize the fact that we are living upon a vast ball which floats

through space as lightly as any feather. What a flood of light it throws upon other things-that this seared and bat tered and prosy old earth is a star in the heavens like the rest; that heaven is not yonder any more than it is here; that the celestial laws are operative here under foot that the star-mist and the starlight are not different from things just about us: that up and down, east and west, north and south, terms which seem so absolute, are after all only relative; that when you reach the north pole there is no east or west or north, but only south; that if you were to reach the center of the earth there would be no down, but only up! Once the earth is a sphere, moulded by the same law that shapes a drop of dew or a drop of rain, and that it is only one drop of myriads of other earths that circle in the abysm of space, and all the old philosophies and theologies are shattered and fall to pieces.

The very thought is liberalizing and enlarging to the mind. Did you think the sun grew tired and feeble as night approached? Did you think his sphere be came red or slightly flattened? Did you



THE HORSE FAIR. (Reproduced from our fine colored plate).

Number ever issued, as all who have | Did you, in fine, think it was sunset seen it readily admit.

That Rosa Bonheur wore male attire has always been a matter of comment with her biographers. This, in fact, she did when she attended the horse markets in France, or abroad, or when she was sketching in the field. Also when at work our system? The sun knows us not-that in her studio she wore that costume, hav ing adopted it when a young woman and a student. With a broad-brimmed felt, or straw hat over her short hair, her appearance was that of a short, delicately formed man. But to one meeting her on the streets of Paris, plainly dressed in a black gown, with her grey hair tucked under a close bonnet, she appeared to be a large, elderly woman. Unless attracted by the peculiar strength of her face and by her piercing, attentive eyes, one would not notice that she differed from other women in the passing crowd, except, perhaps, by the fact that she wore the red ribbon of the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Her studio was for many years at By. ear Paris, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. Here might be found her many pets, consisting of numbers of dogs of various kinds, a parrot, a magnificent bull and a cow, two chamois from the Pyrenees, sheep, deer, and many other animals which have served as models, including a flerce Numidian lion, whose shaggy head transferred to canvas is now familiar through reproductions to all civilized peoples. Rosa Bonheur was decorated with the

Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1865, and appointed officer by President Carnot in 1894. She was also honored with membership in the Antwerp Academy, and was the first woman to receive the Leopold Cross and also the Commander's Cross of the Royal Order of Isabella the Catholic in Spain. Her rank as an artist will always be among the greatest of animal painters, if, indeed, she is not placed before Gericault, Troyon, Barye and Landseer.

"Bromley, here's an account of woman who lived forty-eight days on water." "That's nothing, Darringer. My father has been living on water for the all false. Let the symbolo periah; they last ten years." "Do you expect me to are last year's nests. The same spirit, the believe that, eh? Why don't you add same instinct, will find material for that he grew fat on it?" "Well, he did. nests, and new songs will be heard. He's a sea captain."

throughout the universe? Or did you think the changes of the seasons-spring summer, autumn, winter - were astro nomical and universal, not merely phases of the relation of the earth to the sunits changing attitude by the fireside of s, knows nothing about our sunsets or sunrises, our seasons or our solar eclipses The changes, the color, the phenomena are with us, not with him. But we do not see this till we take in our system as a whole.

In any great undertaking of any sort. ow indispensable it is to grasp it as a whole. Would Columbus bave found new world had he not firmly seized the idea of the earth as a whole and as a sphere? How surely the great general keeps in mind the battle-field and the contending armies as a whole. The successful business man carries his business in his thought as a whole as surely as does an architect the building he is planning. How different things look, how different

the value we set upon them, when we see them as a whole, or in their true relations to other things. There is but one way to liberalize the mind, and that is to teach it to grasp masses, to see over the whole field. One will never be a bigot in religion or a fanatic in politics or a stickles and traditionalist in literature when his point of view is central and commanding enough. When he sees that all religions have their place, that all are but phases of man's moral and spiritual development, that Buddhism is true, and Mahometanism is true, and all other isms are or were true in their day and place, and that the various sects all represent some phase of truth-when his vision is large enough to take in this fact, he will be at ease in Zion. Or when he sees that each political party stands for a principle of greater or lesser importance, and that neither has or can have the final and absolute truth, party ties will bind him less tightly and he will probably be an independent in politics.

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"Acrost the Contnint." Special Correspondence of Mr. Caleb Jinkins of Jinkins Corners, Ont.



GRAND FORKS, B.C., Nov. 14. to the edditer of the Satterdy Nite noos paper

wen i left of my las leter i tole you we hed arove in nelson. we saled thare in a bote frum kootney landin, and i kin tel you we injide it immens. the lakes we cum along wus jes bout like rivers and each side wus piled up with mountins sech es i hed never saw the likes of afore. the water wus cam es the mill pond down



thout no trubbel wot ever, sevril times we stopt at landin places ware thay wus towns & one of em wus close by the harber sose you cood reed the sines on the plases of bisniss & i notist thet putty ni ever solltery house in the town was a tavern. thay wus a plesent party of fokes on the bote and wen it cum diner time we sot down to a meel sech es i haint never node to be surpa-sed in al of my travils. wen we got thru we pade 75 sents fer it, but i ses to the feller its wuth it mister, blame if it haint. thay wus sofeys and esey chares in the cabbin, so after diner i lade down to hev a snoos, but missus snodgrass, she sot and tawkt to sum wimen fokes thet wus thare bout dresses & wots the fashin fer fall hats & how to make butter and all like of that. at last bout 4 in the afternoon we arove at Nelson. It j.s seams to me to be a smal size Toronto, as you mite say, tho thase more scenery bout it, in fack the mountins is all round everwares you look & seams to be quite clost by. Wen we got fixt up at the tavern i cum out fer a strole & es i look round i ses to my self wel caleb ole feler how did you



ever git hear & how air you agoin to git out? i wus on the mane street at the time & seen lots of bildin agoin on and thay wus a gang of felers digin up the rode so it made me feal i wus reely in Toronto. the mane street is one thayve got a rite to be proud of with brick bildins trimd with wite stone and al like of that. then thase 2 other streets runin same way es the mane street and a lot of streets cuttin acrost em & runnin down to the river and up on to the hill. the fokes in ginrel lives up on the side of the mountin. you git splendid seenery frum up thare, but thay dont hev no elvatirs & i dont barly see ies how thay git up in winter barly see jes how thay git up in winter time thout a block en tackel arangemint much diffrent Greenwood & them places is and tobogins fer cumin down. Thay tole



of it, the most of em wares masheens on thare heels to keep em frum travelin on the backs of there heds too offen. We made quite a stop at nelson as Misus snodgrass took a kine of a noshin to the place & sed she calklatid it wus bout the niest to a sure enuff sitty she hed saw since leevin winipeg, so weed jes setel down fer a wile. Wot the ole lady ses ginrelly hes to be did and we dun it in this case. Wel, we made aquantince with menny fus clas fokes. i needint



barly remark most of em is frum ontareo and ef thay haint all doin wel it must be thase sumthin rong with them thet haint, thay wus a good fue felers waukin round idol but i gess most of em wus miners but its wuth it to jes see a wile west other times. It is the thermometer a few days before Christmas. However, in any case, a large sum of money will reach Canada for her poultry next month, and now the demand has that frum Greenwood by the rode & its so up hill it takes a rig 2 ours to git 4 miles, but its wuth it to jes see a wile west of her trade, not only at Christmas, but at other times.

whitch is out on strike & hes bin sense las june. the way of it is es folers, the guvmint of brittish Columby past a law sayin miners wunt be aloud to work moren 8 ours a day so the mine owners hed to guvern tharselfs acordin but thay ses weel git even by cuttin down the wagis frum 350 a day to 250. No ses the miners we wunt do it, we got to hev jes same wagis fer 8 ours es we wus gittin fer 10. So thats the pint thare pullin and draggin at ever sense. the fokes round Nelson is agin the mine owners on this questin & the noospappers too es a ginrel thing is pitchin into em. Sum of the sittisens cum to me to git my ipinion bout it es a publick man & i ses gentel-men the way i look at it 8 ours is enuff fer eny feler to work in them holes in the ground & 350 a day haint a mite too mutch to pay em. i dont think in fack 5



dolers wood be too mutch & i ses ef the mine owners wus to gin ever muthers sun of em a free life insurinse pollicy to boot thay woodent reely be acktin contrarey to the christen religin seein the munny there maken outen them mines. They wus crise of heer heer, & one sittisen ses thems our sentmints to a t. Wots more he ses i bleeve the cheef maniger of the mine owners assoshin feals same way. hees a reel good harted feler es a humin bein but es a busness maniger he is es hard es that mountin acrost the river thare. Them coperashins he ses haint got no soles & the maniger hes got to ack acordin. Wel so the fite is agoin on & i only hopp the miners will win tho thase douts bout it. nelson haint jes dependin on the mines like sum towns out hear but calklates to be the generil senter fer the Kootney Kentry es a holesale markit and all like of that, sames Toronto. its a tidey cleen place & you git bout es quiet & deesint a sundy thare es you wood enywares down east tho i seen quite a fue felers workin wen thade dorter bin to church.

We lef nelson in bout a weaks time & nex visited rossland. You git there on bout the twistedist ralerode you ever herd tell of speshilly frum Trale to rossland ware you clime rite up the mountins & the track resimbels a chinese puzzel thase so meny loops. rossland is biggern nelson & a regler rushin place fer busness. the gole mines is jes diggin out fortins day & nite & seven dase a weak & the taverns is full all the wile with specklaters frum al over the erth. ime tole its a ruff plase & hes instooshins runnin wide opin thet wood make toronto or jinkins corners jes faint to barely think about. All the wile we wus there it was rainin or misty & thay wus feerful mud, but i gess its a reel sitely place when its a fine day. Thase plenty of specklatin agoin on yit but the snaps haint so plentyful es thay wus in the erly dase. We cum frum there up hear to the Boundry Kentry. Grand Forks and Greenwood and so 4th is ware everbuddy is rushing fer these dase. the c.p.r. hes got its rode throo from Robson es fur es Greenwood and is now bildin furder to Midway. fer seenery its bout es butiful a seckshin



Kettle river valey but the crouds thet is linking corners, the taverns is chuck me thay git ust to it & don't think nuthin full althe wile & if you git there too late you cant git a place to lay down fer luve ner munny. Wagis is bout 1 or 5 dolers a day & you got to pay 50 cents fer enything & moren that fer most things. You pay 7 dolers a weak fer a room & extry fer meels, the taverns is frum 2 to 3 50 a day & raleforks & Greenwood is both situated most with mountins round em & rivers close by & is farely jumpin with bisness at a 12 per sent rate of intrist & town lots is sellin fer big prices jes like winipeg in the ole dase. Nuther thing is thasea pile of humin naturout hear too. fer insense sum felers got mad at grand forks & went & started a nuther town bout a mile distint whitch thay call it columbia sitty & is boomin it most furous, and thase a similer war agoin on tween Greenwood and Feenix a noo town up in the mountins bout 4 miles frum Greenwood. the mines is class by Feenix and the town is gittin bilt on the pay roll whitch is a big thing. Wel if you go there yude orter telegraf fer a room bout a munth ahed, as the poplashin



minin camp in the erly dase of its crazeyniss. Greenwood is more of a setteld down place the its brim full of interprise. Thase a hull lot of eddicated and fus clas fokes livin thare, and a verry hansum club all fixt up splendid ware i wus intertaned es a distingisht vissiter & injide it thay wus so hearty. You git frum Greenwood to grand forks on the frate trane if yure luckey, or elts yuve got to go by the stage. the redes is feerful jes now & jordan is a

feler like a preecher i met tuther day out

hard rode to travel i kin tell you, speshilly

ef yure a soft harted and narvis sort of a

hear. he tole me he took a trip like that on the stage & it wus hills all the ways. he sed he wauked up the hills out of pitty fer the hosses and wauked down em on acount of bein skairt fer his own neck & the oney satisfakshin he had out of it wus to pay his fare.

i hopp to rite you agin nex weak so wil quit at this pint and sine my name yurne truley CALEB JINKINS.

The Woman With the Needle.

After reading The Man With the Hoe. Far adown the centuries Pale and haggard has she walked, Often stupid, sometimes maddened, With the drudgery of life, Darting pains acro-s her shoulders, Tired eyes, and brain awhirl, Pale blue lips-a ghastly picture Stitching she to dress a world That, perchance, doth not dress her Nor indeed but barely feeds her, Hardly gives her bread enough To keep soul and flesh together This, "The Woman with the needle.

Did she burn the midnight oil That indeed were often brightness, Tallow candles, splints of pitch pine Dimmed and darkened her clear vision. If the bowed "Man with the Hoe" Causes human breasts to shudder, Then the coat upon his back Is the work of something lower Still more pitiful and sad, She who made it— She who stitched it-

Was, "The Woman with the needle." Rulers, Masters, do you think Swimming in commercial greed, Grasping wealth, perhaps to lavish On a wife or mother dear? There are other wives and mothers Who should be allowed to live. And to feel some of the brightness That should enter all our lives. Little children, often aged Sewing early, sewing late, And instead of happy childho Is, "The Woman with the needle.

Social-Anarch-any ism 'Gainst that cursed one of caste, That makes worse than slaves of women When will leaders on their platform Stand for justice, not in name, Stand for liberty to live, Make the words so glibly spoken. Justice, Love and Freedom good, Have some meaning in the language, Have they any meaning now! With so many, many thousands Of "The Woman with the needle

Is the picture over-painted Of "The Woman with the needle? They are truths too sad and bitter In this day of glint and fashion, They are truths we blush to think of In a country packed with churches. They are truths so plainly seen, Go to sweat shops. Go to factories. Go to garrets. Go to cellars, And you'll find the living witness Of, "The Women with the needle."

FIORA MACDONALD DENISON.

Canadian Poultry in England.

HE entry of Canada into the poultry business a few years since has been followed by its development into a permanent trade, at any rate at Christmas time. This year extensive arrangements have been made for the forwarding of geese, turkeys, ducks and fowls to England, and it is rode travlin is bout 7 sents a mile. Grand likely we shall receive more than ever before from the Dominion. Buyers here did very well last year with these birds and they are anxious to handle them interprise & push. the banks is doin again. Indeed, so much is this so that people who want to go into this business for the first time find it difficult to not cakes. Its like wot ive hern tell bout secure any consignment, and big orders have recently been turned away by Canada to be filled in America. because the demand is greater than the supply. One order that has been so transferred was for 100,000 chickens-a big line which will cross the border. The Canadian turkey speedily found favor here, and the style of plucking, dressing, and packing having much improved, the splendid birds reared in the Dominion arrive in London and Liverpool equal, if not superior, to the fine birds which reach us from the Continent. This year the import will be large, but we learn that the interesting details which have reached the other side as to large profits made on Canadian turkeys sent to England last year have given farmers an enhanced opinion of their turkeys, and the shippers opinion of their turkeys, and the shippers who purchase for export, taking the risk of loss or profit, are feeling rather anxious. Some buyers have gone into the country and bought freely at higher prices, but others are acting cautiously, fearing prices may not be right here. It is an anxious business, for whether there should be profit or loss on transactions which have taken months to put through and have involved much thought and anxiety depends to a large extent, on the state of ends, to a large extent, on the state of thermometer a few days before Christthe thern

A Literary Convulsion.

ID you ever read Howells's Hazard of New Fortunes? If you have done so, you must remember Fulkerson. Basil March is the hero of the story, an insurance clerk with literary leanings, and to him comes the literary entrepreneur, Fulkerson, who has made money by buying articles from writers and peddling them out to a syndicate of newspapers, with a scheme of starting a new periodical to be called Every Other Week, in which the syndicate principle shall be extended so that each contributor is to be paid a certain sum down for his stories or what not and also to receive a royalty on the cooperative plan. He wants, and eventually secures, March as editor.

Fulkerson was modeled on S. S. McClure, the moving partner in the young firm of Doubleday & McClure, who have recently formed a combination with the old publishing house of Harper & Brothers. Robert Louis Stevenson, who had had dealings with McClure, also put him in a novel, but if you wish to know S. S. McClure you should read of Fulkerson in A Hazard of New Fortunes. He is there shown to be the embodiment of American snap and energy in the commercial way, as full of schemes as the immortal Colonel Sellers, but with this difference, that his schemes are practicable and actually produce the millions that are in them.

How he began life I do not know (writes the New York correspondent of the Argonaut), but he first came into prominence about fourteen years ago in the fields of literary commerce. The first men to purchase articles from writers and farm them out to a number of periodicals were Tillotson & Son of London. They could pay twenty-five dollars for an article and sell it to a dozen different papers, in as many different parts of the country, col-lecting five dollars from each of them, and make a handsome profit. The author was better paid, the papers got good matter at cheaper rates, and everybody was benefited—except the other authors who could not sell their productions. The business throve, and other men began to conduct newspaper syndicates, McClure among them. He had the flaire, the sense of news, and knew what to buy and where to sell it. With the profits of his syndicate he started McClure's Monthly something more than half a dozen years ago, using chiefly his syndicate matter in it, and later confining its contents to articles that were published nowhere else in the United States. It is unnecessary to tell you here that it has been astonishingly successful. Mr. McClure has brought to its management a business acumen that would have made him a railroad president by now, had he chosen that field of industry, and I am convinced that haps, supposed that ownership in a speech it is paying him an income beside which that of many a railroad president would seem almost insignificant seem almost insignificant.

But there were other profits for the merchant in literary wares besides those of the literary agent and magazine proprietor, and Mr. McClure has reached out for them. First he made a combination with a bookseller named Doubleday, forming the publishing firm of Doubleday & McClure, which is publishing most of the writings of Rudyard Kipling and several other authors of note and popularity, and now he has secured a large, if not a controlling interest in the best established and most conservative publishing house in the United States, that of Harper & Brothers.

There is a rumor that Mr. McClure has gained the ear of J. Pierpont Morgan and persuaded him to back up the new enterprise with some two or three millions of dollars of capital. Whether this be true or not I do not know. It has been formally negated by members of the firm of Harper & Brothers, but, on the other hand, it is confidently asserted that Mr. McIlvane, a nephew of Mr. Morgan, is vice-president of the London branch of Harper & Brothers, and that this would furnish a reason for Mr. Morgan's venture into the fields of publishing. In any case, Mr. and many changes have taken place in the personnel of the Harper staff and its publications, with the probability of more to

follow. John W. Harper remains the president of the concern, the only one of the older generation who is still actively connected with the business. John Harper, the second vice-president, retires, and so does Franklin Harper, who had charge of the subscription lists. These two, sons of Joseph Abner Harper, who retired some years ago, are the only retiring members of the late firm. J. Henry Harper remains vice-president. Henry Sleeper Harper is still treasurer, Horatio L. Harper is Canada, yet it is absurd enough to interest manager of the book and periodicalmaking branch, James Harper and William Armitage Harper look to the correspondence, Joseph Harper, jr., is the buyer, and Fletcher Harper, who succeeded Mc-Vickar as head of the London branch, is now tack in this country, associated with Walter H. Page, former editor of the

Itlantic, preparing a new encyclopædia. The only change in the old firm's busiess which the public has yet seen is the liscontinuation of Harper's Round Table. Albert Lee, its editor, is rumored to be the editor of a new monthly to be called Sangster is no longer editor of the Bazar, . H. Sears succeeding her, but she will still write for the Harpers, and is also strong human interest to fail, writes Cle-engaged to contribute to the Ladies' ment Scott. Home Journal and the Christian Herald. Henry Loomis Nelson has yielded the editorial chair of Harper's Weekly to Henry G. Paine. Finally, several of the McClure writers—"skilled artisans in the McClure literary foundry," James L. Ford used to call them - have been moved over to Franklin Square, and Mrs. Isobel Strong is to have an editorial position where her own excellent taste and the training she at all. must have received in her relations with her late step-father, Robert Louis Stevenson, will doubtless militate to the advantage of the new firm's clientele.

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General Joubert, Commander of the Boer Army



President Steyn, Of the Orange Free State.

The Right of Reply to Criticism. OT long ago an English court decided that the man who made a shorthand report of a speech delivered in public could copyright that report and sell, convey and control it generally—that while the speech might be public property in a sense the report of it was not necessarily so, but belonged to the man who wrote it down or caused it to be writ ten down. This decision came as a sur

as just been made in a French court, and if a similar ruling could be secured at Osgoode Hall the life of the newspaper editor in Toronto would soon be made un bearable. The French Court of Appeals has sustained the decision of a lower court that the author of a literary work criticized has the right to reply in the periodical that published the criticism. This is almost a fatal blow to literary criticism in France.

The facts are these: Mlle. Ferponnes wrote a novel entitled Paroisse de Saint Magloire and the Revue Hebdomadaire not taking notice of it, the authoress repeatedly requested that it be noticed, whereupon M. Henri Bordeaux reviewed it, as the manager of the Revue says," in perfect good faith, from a purely philosophical and literary standpoint." Mlle. Ferponnes then wrote a long reply which the editor refused to publish, and so the authoress entered an action to compel its publication; a lower court gave judgment in her favor, and now the Court of Appeals has sustained this decision, and sentenced the Revue Hebdomadaire to publish the authors answer however extended it might be.

This is, of course, an impossible situation, ruinous not only to literary criticism but to publishing generally. If an author McClure is now a potent factor in the various enterprises of Harper & Brothers, has this right with regard to remarks made about his books, so then would the politician, the actor, the scheme promoter, the person public or private whose works or actions are criticized in print. The right to reject contributions that are of no public interest, to "boil down" those that are needlessly wordy, to strike out words or phrases that are for any reason objectionable, is vital to an editor or publisher, and if an editor may neither reject nor cut down the answer of an offended author or political candidate he may have inflicted on him a letter that will monopolize his publication for several issues. The decision does not specially concern us here in the wide world.

The Play or the Players.

HEN a conversation is started about the modern problem, or degenerate play, and I have to combat the arguments of the new school of faddists who ridicule what they are pleased to call convention, sneer at everything that is traditional and old-fashioned, and maintain that the stage should be a pulpit or a lecture platform rather the Franklin Square, Mrs. Margaret E. than a public place of amusement, I always fall back on the simple statement that I have never known a play with

With those of the "superior school" who maintain that the theater is for the thinking minority, and not for the amusement loving majority; that plays that pay must necessarily be bad; that eccentricity verging on nonsense is the highest aspiration of art, and that the drama alone among the sister arts should have no dogma or grammar, I am unable to argue

In every age there is a period when the

insanity, but it is merely temporary, and

will pass away.

How I chuckled to myself when I was told in 1893 that The Second Mrs. Tan-queray, written by Pinero, the first dis-tinguished convert to semi-Ibsenism and mystic art, was "an epoch-making play," whatever that may be, and should be considered the dramatic masterpiece of the century. Why, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray will be dead, buried and forgotten in the literature of the stage when plays like Money, London Assurance, Richelleu, The Lady of Lyons, with all its claptrap; East Lynne, It Is Never Too Late to Mend, are still bright and vivid stars in the blue vault of dramatic art.

Pinero's counterblast to all he had done before, and done excellently, for the English stage, was not a particularly good sort of play, nor a particularly bad sort of play. It obtained its initial popularity owing to the fact that the leading char acter suited the temperament of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The part was the woman. There was no getting away from it. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was as exactly fitted with Mrs. Tanqueray as Mrs. Ban-croft was with Polly Eccles and Naomi Tighe, or as Mrs. Kendal is with the Elder Miss Blossom.

It may seem prejudice, but I cannot conceive anyone else doing any kind of justice to those particular characters than the ladies I have mentioned. Again, I cannot picture any Olivia in the Vicar of Wakefield save Ellen Terry. This question of temperament is often forgotten or ignored in the criticism of actors and actresses

Save in her excellent performance of The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has given us very little of value. Juliet and Ophelia surely gave her a great chance for distinction, but she did not avail herself of it. She could not break away from herself, her temperament and individuality. She could not

become another woman.

If, then, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray has never wholly succeeded save with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine, is it unfair to assume that it was the actress who made the author's success, not the play? There have been hundreds upon hundreds of Clara Douglases and Pauline Deschapelleses, scores and scores of Alfred Evelyns and Claude Melnottes since the days of Helen Faucit and Macready, innumerable Richelieus all over the Englishspeaking world since Queen Victoria was born, so is it again unfair to assume that in these cases it was the play that made the success, and not the individual artist?



His Excellency the Earl of Minto, Governor General of Canada.

Her Frugal Mind.

Beautiful, my dear. The elderly millionaire who had mar-ried the famous beauty regarded the

watch-chain admiringly.

"A very delightful birthday present," he continued, beaming upon his fair young wife. "So massive, and yet in such

excellent taste." "I am so glad you like it," she observed. 'It was so cheap, too. Just think, it cost only fifteen dollars."

"Only fifteen dollars!" echoed the millionaire in astonishment. lars for this solid gold chain!"

'Oh, of course it isn't solid gold," she interposed. "You could never get a solid gold chain for that price.'

"What is it, then?" 'Why, gold filled, to be sure."
'I see," said her husband, stroking his chin reflectively. "But why this sudden streak of economy? Don't you think I

an afford a solid gold chain ?" "Of course you can," she assented. but this one is guaranteed to last for ten ears, and-and-

Well," said the millionaire, inquir-Well, dear," she concluded, after some

hesitation, "as that is quite as long as you are likely to live. I thought it would e foolish extravagance to pay any more. - Woman's Home Companion

A prominent San Josean reached the Third street depôt of the Southern Pacific Company in an inebriated condition, and asked for "a first-class ticket, please." "Where do you want to go?" said the ticket clerk, somewhat pointedly. There was a pause, while the inebriated one world of art becomes a trifle mad. The muggily reflected, and then he blandly

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A Twenty-Fifth Child.

Mrs. William Swartwood of Mountain Top, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., gave birth to her twenty-fifth child yesterday. It is a boy and strong and healthy. He has twenty-one brothers and sisters living, three others having died. He is an uncle several times over. The husband is an engineer on the New York Central Railroad.—From the Pittsburg Despatch.

Anecdotal.

"It is a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. I met a man the other evening who had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he enquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'

Tom Corwin had an enormous mouth He once said he had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation. "Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up at the lecture room to relate my experience, and I opened my mouth, Deacon Smith rose up in front, and said: 'Will some brother please close that window and keep it closed?"

Mr. Clement Scott, in telling the story of his early career as a dramatic critic. says: "I began silently and secretly-I suppose in the usual way. I answered an advertisement asking for a young and capable journalist. I was young, but on, by the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a certainly not capable. I was appointed a pointed chin. And there was bland old dukedom. He manages to escape from the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word comes that he has succeeded to a come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the conscious tilt of her pink, word come of the co included-at the fabulous salary of £5 a Hulme, and rosy Harry Hamlin, and many week. I never got one farthing of the salary, and I ended by lending my proprietor £25 out of my modest War Office salary, with which he promptly levanted."

Once when Edouard Pailleron, the author of Le Monde ou l'on S'ennuie, dining at Mme. Aubernon de Nerville's, ventured to interrupt by a subdued murmur one of Caro's lengthy perorations, he was premptly quenched by their hostess: "By and by, Pailleron: you shall speak in your turn." Caro's discourse only finished when dessert was on the table. At its conclusion. Mme. Aubernon turned encouragingly toward the interrupter: "Now it's your turn, Pailleron. What was it you wished to say!" "I merely wished to ask for a second helping of peas," was the unexpected rejoinder.

Judge Wylle, for years one of the most prominent figures upon the district bench, is still living in Washington, and, although

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TRANSPORTATION-RAIL AND WATER. he has passed by more than a decade the limit of threescore and ten, he still loves to hear and tell a good story. Only the other day he was relating to an appreciative audience tales of his prowess at hunting deer in the Pohick woods at the time when that region abounded in game. What, you hunt deer at Pohick, Judge?' asked one of his auditors, himself a mighty hunter. "Why, if I were a Pohick deer and should meet you unexpectedly in the woods, I would fly to your arms for pro-

Horses and Other Things.

THE widow and I went to the Horse Show, and when we had done it very completely, gazing at the gowns, clapping the jumpers (my stars! how they did jump, Chapple seeming to soar about ten feet !), poking down among the beautiful equines in care of our sporting men friends, scurrying out of the way when the giddy hansom cab toppled over and the nag tried to get a seat in an arena-box, we finally strolled out into the mild night, and I said to the widow, What interested you most at the Show ?" The widow is a fashion authority, and knows the record of half the men and women who grow haggard holding up the Show on its fashionable side, long before the week's end. She said instantly, things interested me most. One was Fatty Bates, and the other was-Fatty Bates. Sometimes the widow is quite impossible Fatty Bates on his box, with his top-coat and his curly hat, is the funniest thing you ever saw, but "business" down to his chubby little toes. He is almost as broad as he is tall; in fact his face is, I think, wider than it is long. When he wishes to turn his head he has to lift his bulging chops over his collar points with a curious upward tilt of the face and backward jerk of the head which is a movement entirely equine. As he whirls around the tan bark on the great yellowand black four in hand road coach, he drives as if there was no one on surface of the earth but himself, with a lazy carelessness which is, in fact, the very keenest calculation and care. We held our breath to see him come swooping around the corners, and only that his adorers, the grooms and hostlers, did all that was needful, we should have felt like cheering him. The widow regarded him with intent gaze and great curiosity when he divested himself of his top-coat and emerged a comical roly-poly in evening dress. Someone observing her rapt stare remarked, "Smile for the lady, Bates!" and thereupon ensued the most wonderful series of curves and creases in the fat of Mr. Bates' countenance. I fled, so did the widow, but the result was apparent in her subsequent answer, as told above.

Then we went to our places to see the frocks and the celebrities. Dukes are not celebrities. Says Madame New York to Miss Yonkers, 'There goes an English duke-a nobleman." Miss Yonkers looks at him casually. "You don't say! I thought all the nobility were at the war. I'm sure I saw that in the paper!" Then clutching her friend Madame New York gasps, "Oh, I say, do look at that. See that gown, and that mink tail boa, and that complexion! That's Diana Smith. She's a reporter. Fifty-eight if she's a day. Engaged last year at the summer resort to a millionaire of twenty-eight. Isn't she a peach?" Thereupon, Miss Yonkers, meditatively, "Canned peach! which was clever of her, wasn't it !

The white gowns had the palm this year-in cloth, in moire, in velvet, and satin, and lace, and chiffon, an entire gown of each material ravished me in And the gray gowns, and the glittering black ones, those I looked at last month in Twenty-third street, and saw snakes afterwards, so sinuous and scaly are they! And there was an exquisite chiffon coat in pale gray, over and its wearer upheld the putting of them Chauncey Depew, and attenuated George a tobacco-parched exquisite; and a sputtering English chappie, telling a hawk faced friend how large was his supper party at Sherry's that night, and boasting and blatting the names of prominent women who were to be his guests. And I should have enjoyed giving him his "paiks."

The attendance was enormous this year. Perhaps the reason I never remember seeing so many homely women together in my life, nor so few types suggesting refinement, even though plain, was because some of the more sensitive of the pachyderms of New York society found the stares and the criticisms of the promer aders too direct for their equanimity, and took unto themselves boxes in the galleries, where, if one had patience and a good glass, were to be found many graceful and youthful beauties. The hard stare, answering the promenade gapers, from the arena boxes, is not always becoming. Somewomen look like Gorgons when they adopt it as a fixed expression But what other way can a poor woman ook when she is labeled, dilated upon in the yellow journals, stuck finally as a target for the vulgarest people in America to focus upon? Irish, German, Swede, Spanish, French, pick her in bits in five No wonder she stares stonily and grows haggard over it.

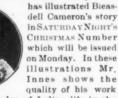
"If one didn't see the New York Horse Show one could enjoy this one more, said a girl to me as we sat in the and I would find that it required the Armories last spring. Granted that the exercise of all my will-power to keep Madison Square Show is transcendantly awake. In a short time I was attacked greater, the horses better and the cost by sharp plercing pains, which shot out of sight, we have what I miss there, through the lower part of my back. At the kindly, suiling, hearty Canadian first this did not trouble me very much women, who have not yet met a suffi- during the day, but at night the pain be ciently vulgar criticism to develop the came almost unendurable and often I Horse Show stare! Talking of cost, I would not close my eyes throughout the heard a man wondering if anyone could whole night. Gradually a nausea and estimate the money represented at the loathing for food developed. Sometimes l Horse Show this year, the crowd's wealth, would sit down to a meal with a keen ap-

the value of the horses, the prizes, the scintillating jewels, and the running expenses. The man gave it up, quite overwhelmed by his own notion. And he had not included the festivities, for which even gasp like hooked fish. Verily the golden calf occupies the high altar during the progress of last week's exercises in LADY GAY. Gotham.

Books and Shop Talk.

WONE MARCH, by S. R. Crockett, has just been published by the Copp, Clark Co., and strikes me as one of that author's least fortunate efforts at story writing. From first to last I cannot find one real true human character in the whole book. Miss March is undoubtedly a fine girl, yet this million aire's daughter goes off alone to work for a living as a type writer. Her millionaire father in half a page of talk consents to let her do it, and never sees her again, as ome months later he dies. Although he has been giving away millions to hospitals and colleges, the wreck of his fortune appears to be so complete that his only daughter appears never to have got even a shilling from the estate nor natural merriment of Marcus Hardy in the opening chapters, and the melan cholia of Keith Harford, should bring the sanity of both into question. Kearney Judd, Idalia Judd and Seth Livingstone are characters elaborately introduced, and two of them are dropped in the most unsatisfactory way. If the people who rather like Mr. Crockett's stories all read this I am afraid his reputation will suffer very considerably, as the book lacks art, workmanship and purpose. I would be inclined to think it fraudulent for a turn from his hands a book containing so little worth as Ione March. When an author begins abusing the confidence of his dear public by writing stories as rapidly as a press can print them, it takes some little time for his public to find him out, but there are many offenders they are all found out in time. If Mr. Crockett would write one book each year he might hold his place and thank his

Mr. John Innes, the artist, who is at present in the North-West Territories attending the cattle round-ups and making sketches of Western life for use in paintings that he has in contemplation,



and his knowledge of Indian life in the West. The story is entitled The Shame of Many Brave Feathers, and recounts the adventures of an Indian on the war-path. The author of the story, like the illustrator of it, is also in the North-West at present. Mr. Cameron is at present at Duck Lake. The colored plate in the Christmas Number, entitled The Buffalo Hunters, is also made from an original painting by a Westerner-C. M. Russell. the Cow-boy artist.

It is long since Mr. Jerome K. Jerome gave his readers a new book in the man ner of that which made his name. But he has now written one, which will be published serially in England, Australia, and America, and possibly in translations on the Continent (for Mr. Jerome has a great following in Russia), before being issued as a volume. The title originally chosen was Three Men in a Forest, but that has now been changed to Three Men on the Bümmel.

Young April, by Egerton Castle, author of The Pride of Jennico, is a story of a satin, a long wrap all covered in frills, young English traveler on the Continent and very resourceful nature is as charming a who is under the thumb of his tutor, when it is sometimes exas-peralicg. Not much allow word comes that he has succeeded to a ance for weakness and less for wickedness his tutor and gets into a series of adven-It is a really capital story and the plot is well worked out. It is what it pretends to be, a romance written to entertain and amuse. Like the previous stories by this author, it has the dramatic quality, and a version of the story-which is unfor-tunately named, I think-may ultimately find its way to the stage. This book is published in Canada by the Copp,

Kidney Disease.

The Result is Often a Life of Pain and Misery.

Mr. David Crowell of Horton, N.S., Was An Intense Sufferer and Almost Des-

paired of Finding a Cure-Tells the Story of His Release. The Acadien, Wolfeville, N

Recently a reporter of the Acadien wa old another of those triumphs of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are becoming very common in this vicinity. The fortunate individual is Mr. David Crowell, a highly respected resident of Hortonville.

Below is his experience, in substance, as he gave it to us: "About two years ago for the first time in my life, I began to realize fully what ill health meant. The first symptom was a feeling of overpowering drowsiness which crept over me a times. Often I would be at work in the field when the drowsiness would seize

petite, but after a mouthful or so had passed my lips, sickness and vomiting would follow. I became greatly reduced in flesh, and in a short time was but a wreck of my former self. The doctor said the trouble was disease of the kidneys, but his treatment did not help me. My mother who was something of a nurse, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last to satisfy her more than from hopes of being cured, I took up their use. After taking one box I seemed better, and I reolved to try another. Before the second box was used my condition was improved beyond gainsay, and I felt sure the pills were responsible for it. I took two more boxes and before they were all used the pain in my back had wholly disappeared, my appetite had returned and I felt like a man. For the sum of two dollars cured myself of a painful disease. There cannot be the least doubt but that Dr Williams' Pink Pills was the sole cause of my recovery, and I consider them the best nedicine in existence." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent

ost paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse al substitutes.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany ever praphological study sent in. The Editor re-quests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consists of at least six lines of original matter, includ-ing several capital letters. 2. Letters wil be inswered in their order, unless under unusual rcumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota ons, scraps or postal cards are not studied. Please address Correspondence Column nclosures unless accompanied by Coupon re not studied.

NICKS .- You like to lead and rule, and the ove of domination is justified by a strong and even will. Your mind is quick and bright, and you incline to sentiment, lacking reserve, and are apt to talk too freely, giving unjustified criticism or opinions. It is a strong, conservative and self-as entive hand, decidedly elever and hard to discourage or dissuade. I think, a oyal nature.

DAVID HARUM .- 1. I cannot find out who went the rounds of several local papers, and was once reprinted by request. 2. You are re strong than graceful, also tena capable of warm affection, adaptable, and pro pably philosophical. You are decided and determined, quick and a bit ambitious, the sort of person to make your way through rather than around obstacles. It is a fine tudy but not an attractive or ingratiating one

IGNORAMUS (Bay street).-There is love of eau y, plausibility, some sympathy and a usceptible nature, with a lack of logic and me danger of prosiness; ability and con ientious effort are shown. Slight ambition metimes stirs you, but the impetus does not ast. The nature is truthful and honest; could be relied upon. At your best you are very good indeed, and at no time as had as you preend to find yourself.

MARIETTE.-I am indeed sorry your turn lid not come before. You need not fear that what you told me would be mentioned. In access. I cannot ask you to visit me in my den," as you, but not I, call it, for I am ofte ousy and not able to give you my time. If of that, and you may certainly write again if you like. Please don't hate the poor boys.
They're not half bad, generally. Why not
write to me in French? I should enjoy it, and find it as easy to read, and if you wish ot manage it otherwise.

ISABEL (Vancouver).-This is a fine specimer of an erratic mind and a clever and ambitious one as well. The impulses are many and varied, the force and tenacity noticeable. A good deal of ready wit and some loquacity impatience, imagination, originality, and perhaps unreasonableness, with tendency to extravagance, are shown. A dashing and vital study at all events. BERE .- Perhaps you are back in town by this

time? This is a rather energetic and quite a cautious person, never likely to tell a secret or lightly give her confidence. The nature is honest and courageous, but the sequence of ideas is not remarkable. Writer would be apt to guess rather than reason, and her dashing it is, indeed, a very good and snappy study.

ing you! You are neat, precise, deliberate, and appreciative of beauty. You regard appearances, and may easily persuade yourself to flatter your friends. Care and self-conscious-ness are shown. Sweet temper, even judgment and a practical and calm nature. looks a bit young and studied.

MRS. MICAWBER. - This writing is quite to crude for elineation. Writer needs time and training to develop the good traits which are suggested by it.

BOBCAYGEON. - When your letter came I wa housands of miles away, so I could not comply with your request. No: I never saw you ummer home, but I know very well, indeed your city. What is the matter with you! Ar

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SEE THAT IT IS "MONSOON" YOU GET.

ou in delicate health, or just a pessimist Your writing has such despondent lines. You have also cumulative force and constancy, imagination, bright perception, generous impulses, good affection, and a rather broad and receptive nature. Some sentiment and sense of beauty show, and also taste, order and

SCOTTY No. 1.—It's a pretty determined fist, my dear, and clever, too, but its aims are uncertain and its bent not sufficiently reliable. ANDREW JEFFREY One could get a pretty clever and original character from your lines, but it would need lots of training and gentling to be a pleasant ote. I do like your giving up the sage to come home and take care of the father and mother. Such acts bring their own reward. I do love the country, but not to live in. I'd be oon lonely for the asphalt and the trolley cars. GYPSOPHILA.-It is a strong and almost ob-

stinate study, practical, materialistic, cautious and somewhat mistrustful, with great determination and an independent and unsent! mental nature, averse to display of feeling and not very sympathetic, but unable to dominate others. There are no pleasant lines in this study, which is remarkably crude and un-graceful with its force all in the wrong lines. It almost repels a sensitive observer. CINNAMON FLO.-"A villain of the deepest

dye" would probably have in all his villainy the instinct of reserve and self-preservation, which you sadly lack. I wouldn't tell you a secret for any money. The writing is very bad indeed, graphologically, artistically every way, except that it indicates bright perception and excellent temper, constancy and especial force of purpose. The end must justify the method in your case, for so long as you reach it, you don't seem to care how. You very well know your enclosure is distinctly against the rules, man or no man! I am cross with your writing, it is so very awful. But somehow, second thoughts deter me from a lot of horrid things I could say about it. There must be a somewhere. UTEI-DE-KI-HI.-A fine study; force, ability,

ancy, good temper, self-reliance, snap and energy are shown, generally prudent, always

Quiz.-What do I think of social aspirants? you ask. I don't ever think of them. It's none of my business—let 'em aspire if they none of my business—let 'em aspire if they want to. I fancy you know by this time whether there will be a war with the Boers. 2.
No. I have rething to a d to my former delineation. If I said you had a trifling mind, I see no reason to rescind the remark. You

he place you mention-the table is poor. I an cld. As for your rheumatic friend, he might crefit derived by a chum of mine from a se ourn there. You are quite right. Canada has lots of healthy places which New Yorkers don't know of. Preston Springs has also good mineral baths. Come on over, friend, and we'll do you good.

Dewey's Opinion of Otis.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the opinion Admiral Dewey has of the ability of Gen. Otis to deal with the Philippine problem. The preliminary report of the Philippine Commission was silent on the subject of the conduct of affairs by Gen. Otis. This preliminary report was made at the request of the President, to cover only certain indicated points with reference to the Philippine question, after the President had been informed of Dewey's opinion of Otis

Dewry made this statement in response to an inquiry as to whether the conflict with the Filipinos could have been avoided

"If Leonard Wood (that is, Gen. Wood, in command at Santiago) had been in command of the forces at Manila, there would have been no war; or if there had been, it would not have lasted more than six weeks. You are the twenty-sixth man I have said this to. I am going to say it to twenty-seven. The twenty-seventh will be the President." He did then go and make the same statement to the President. - Washington

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to art ground. Special arrangements seem to have been made by Dame Nature

to render easy and pleasant the efforts of

her admiring children, to whom alone she condescends to reveal her secrets. There she has gathered such combinations of material—waters, limpid and marshy, roll-

ing hillsides, ancient trees, tall and digni fied, and trees squat and commonplace—that there are in all seasons characteristic

colors and atmospheres. At no time is it more lovely, perhaps because of its note of melancholy, than in the autumn, when

warm and brilliant tones are bathed in a

glow of mellow lights and purple hazes, diffused throughout the entire landscape. Thither W. D. Blatchly, O.S.A., has re-

sorted frequently of late, declaring, "Springfield is good enough for me."
Judging by the impressions he has con-

veyed to paper, Springfield is good enough for any artist, be he never so great. A

composition of tall trees to the left, a softly rounded hill with low trees and

shrubbery overgrown with vines, a purple

stream winding gracefully at its base, in all rich, warm tones of yellows, browns and dull reds, with the subdued mellow glow of departing sunshine, and delicious

mysterious atmosphere diffused through-out, makes an admirable picture, does it

not? This and many others, equally lovely in their fashion, Mr. Blatchly could show to his friends if he would.

Some men's greatness must be thrust upon them, and herein are newspapers

humanity's benefactors, for full many an

artist would be born to blush unseen and waste his sweetness on the desert air of

this arid world were it not for the penetrating, discriminating eye of the news-paper critics. Mr. Blatchly has not

made the commotion in the art world here which his long life experience and

his talents entitle him to make, but we

declare it here and now that many in-

teresting pictures, in water-colors, well

worth study, are the result of his artistic

The Art Students' League, which we

have been wont to reckon defunct, has been, it is now manifested, but in a state of suspended animation, for behold, they

arise, with all their parts, gathered all the way from here to New York, and

stand upon their feet, like the army of

Ez:kiel's vision, if not an "exceeding great" company, yet sufficiently numerous

and alive for all practical purposes, and so they call the public to witness by appearing en masse in Matthews' Art

Gallery for the next two weeks. We have always noticed a genial expression,

as of a schoolboy when the teacher announces the following day a holiday, light up the countenance of anyone

familiar with the Art League when we

would interrogate them concerning it.

Evidently visions of models, freedom, jokes, bread-and cheese, and art, flit over

the mind. Well, here they are, Messrs. Holmes, Jeffreys, Thompson, Crouch, Howard, Blatchly, Alexander, Manly

and Brigden, with some very nice oils, a pleasing array of water-colors, and some

exceptionally good pen-and-ink work, all

of which we expect to speak of more particularly next week. I would recom-

We are not wont, perhaps, to think that any of our art celebrities would bestow of

their genius on Christmas cards, or posters, but they do. A card which merits a long

and prosperous career has just been designed by E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A. Therefore nothing can be added to its art repu-

tation. Its subject is the military tattoo of the Niagara camp of 1889, and is 81 by

64 inches. Review in imagination this

brilliant scene, ye who saw it, and arrange

t on paper in all the wealth of color and brilliancy, with its star-lit sky, white tents, flaming torches and colored lights,

black guns and carpet of green, enclose all

holly and mistletoe in harmonious ar-

rangement in it, and you have the card. And ye who saw not the tattoo, see this

card, and cherish it as your best substitute

The new studio of the W. A. A. is to be

one of the admirable rooms of the Con-

federation Life Building. Here, also, the

Association purposes to commence a permanent gallery of the works of their mem-

bers, as well as having their days for

working from life. Here also, we pre-

su ne, the annual sketch exhibition, which

opens the first week in December, will

be held. On December 14 the regular

monthly meeting will be held there. This

will also be the opening day of the new

studio. There certainly is, in Canada

as elsewhere, a place for women in art and

art industries, and this organization has

made a somewhat serious effort to dis-

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PORTRAITS, MINIATURES
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Principal Commence and Commence



"But Brown, see here, weren't you a great sufferer from dyspepsia and indigestion?" "I should say I was," replied Brown, with a happy chuckle, "I often wished that I were dead, it seemed to me that any food, however plain and wholesome, that I put in my stomach, lay there like so many cold, hard stones. Then fermentation would set in, and sour liquids, whatever they are, would rise up in my throat and fairly choke me with their scalding. I finally got so that I dreaded meal times, and a dull, chronic pain was always present in my abdomen, as though a stick, sharpened at both ends, were keeping the sides of it apart."

"Well, how did you get rid of your disorder? I, myself, am troubled with indigestion, and I am afraid that the stuff the doctor prescribed isn't doing me much good." "Hutch, old man, simply Hutch, the greatest and most convenient cure ever put within the reach of suffering humanity. The directions say that 'one Hutch gives instant relief,' and that's the way I found it. I am now free from any trace of indigestion, always carry my Hutch with me, and I'm now ready for my luncheon-Try Hutch, old man."

Ten Hutch Ten Cents. All druggists, or by mail from The Woodward Medicine Co., Limited, 11 Colborne Street, Toronto.

Lowell calls "sheer fudge," or vice versa, but so is it in all combinations. Nothing in conjunction with his fellow-man.

The local branch of the W.A.A. of Hamil ton are holding this week and next a cera- Child, by Sandro Botticelli, has been mic, sketch, handicrafts and home industries exhibition, all the labors of women, of course. This promises to be, says my Hamilton informant, one of the finest exhibitions of women's work which has been ancient art exported, and to purchase the held in Hamilton. The winter's prospects of the W.A.A. are bright there.

An oil portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen Buildings at Ottawa. It is a gift from Belgian artist of Montreal.

In most congenial surroundings was the Sketch Club of the W. A. A. housed last Saturday evening in the studio of Mrs. Carter, Homewood avenue. Before thirty or so earnest drawers a striking figure, in black train, with Vandyke collar and hat, posed, to be succeeded by a sonsie lassieat least that is what the Scotch would call her, whatever she might be in Dutch -in short skirt of red and overdress of green, with kerchief, cap, klumpe and cruellers-a typical Dutch housewife. In such a studio an artist must feel "woe be unto me if I draw not," for it is an artistic whole. A floor of polished oak, with walls of burlap in its natural color, without seam or join, filled with art treasures and sketches and paintings by both host and hostess, leads into a second studio with walls of ribbed stained pine and ceiling of unstained, with excellent skylight. Articles of furniture in black Flemish oak, in nahogany, from Italy and other art centers; brasses for various ends, from Holland; pottery, Mexican, the brilliant Guda, and Martens' beautiful tile pottery; low relief of Lucadella Robbia, and casts of animals after Rosa Bonheur; ceramic treasures of different periods, and Russian | that magazine readers interest themselves house utensils, with many other objects of beauty and interest, afford study in them-

Mrs. Whiton of 125 Hazelton avenue gave this week a comprehensive display of ceramic art, the work of herself and this in a border of maple leaves, with Canada's coat-of-arms, the Union Jack, man-realizes his highest possibilities only man-realizes his highest possibilities only availed themselves of the privilege of viewing the china.

mysteriously spirited out of Italy, right under the Government's combined official nose, too, and after that power had reserved its right to view all works of same if it saw fit, in order to preserve to Italy her art treasures. The painting was one of the Chigi collection, and was obtained at a sale by a purchaser of a will shortly be placed in the Parliament | fictitious name and address, for the sum of \$63,000. The export duty on such the Earl, and is the work of M. Jonges, a would be heavy. This is not a new trick, Belgian artist of Montreal. its kind. It is said certain private gal-leries in the United States and the Old Land, could they but reveal the secrets of their prison house, could tell a tale, or tales, of private enterprise regarding ome of the objects therein contained.

> The present workshop of Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a joy to the young who are allowed in it. The walls are covered with photographs, rough sketches, and cartoons cut from the newspapers. A little boy, the son of a railroad man, once remarked upon this collection: "Papa, doesn't Mr. Carnegie get more comic valentines than anybody else in the world?"

It is becoming quite the vogue for artists to turn writers. First, in late years, was Du Maurier, then came Frederic Remington, Robert Chambers, Howard Pyle, Palmer Cox, Villiers, the English war artist; Oliver Herford, Ernest Seton Thompson, John La Farge, and even Charles Dana Gibson, whose recent sketches in Egypt are still the talk of those who are devoted to the Gibson girl.

It is not to be expected, we suppose, as much in the artists who draw the pictures as they do in the writers who con-Carter's trip to Holland and her study Mary Baker-Baker-her only signature

individual art effort and talent, if not here have stimulated her art faculties being a symmetrical, angular, double "B," going to waste yet comparatively ineffectual, all over Canada, should be somebody's ingher to discover herself. In Israel of Mr. R. H. Russell, we learn, has made a problem. United effort alone will help to solve the problem. Three-fifths of the effort may be genius and two fifths what Mrs. Whiton of 125 Hazelton avenue comic papers, and will publish these very soon under the title, Animal Jokes. JEAN GRANT.

The Two Josephs.

CONCEIVE me, if you can, A radical wonder Of fury and thunder,

A red republican; Who thinks that war's a woe To which we should not go, Describing as gory

The cabinet Tory
Of Salisbury and Co. A down-with-the-Lords young man An up-with-myself young man A viciously rancorous, Rather cantankerous.

Second Joseph nceive me, if you can, An utterly changed young man Who thinks it a glory To rank as a Tory And fight in the Jingo van

Very sharp-tongued young man

soul that soars on wing With lords and queens and kings And now never mentions Such matters as pensions Or mere parochial things,

noble-souled young man, ALEXANDER-the-Great young man A most ministerial, Ultra-imperial,

Trumpet-and-drum young man. First Joseph. A home-affairs young man,

A water-and gas young man Brummagem-mayor young man Second Joseph.

foreign affairs young man A paint-the-map-red young man A flerce blood and thundering Set- he world wondering, Grab-what-you-can young man. First Joseph. An angel-of-peace young man,

Second Joseph. A devil-of-war young man, First Joseph. A live-the-democracy, Second Jbseph Old aristocracy, Ensemble. Much-in the-way young man

"Among Colorado's relies of cliff-dwelselves for the artist. Both Mr. and Mrs. tribute the stories and articles. But the lers is one building that sheltered six unusually clever illustrative work of Mrs. thousand persons." Perhaps it was only a street car. - Boston Transcript.

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The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

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Entire base radiates heat.

Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickled.

A Triumph of Art and Utility.

18 THE MCCLARY MFG. CO.,

LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO,

The Right of Way.

HEY had never been known before to or the man who can't sing and will. be on terms of the slightest civility, Mrs. Smitem-Bobby, you bad boy, have but this certain hour they met in the turning of a Long Thought, and not being

"It is this way," said Her Mind. "You

You are longing to repeat a very bad old bargain," scolded Her Mind, "and sell your birthright for a poor meal." "Pottage is not so bad when it is flavored properly," said Her Heart thought-

"But what is to become of me?" said Her Mind. "You and I are the opposing ends of a see-saw. You go up-I go down. That is the law."

'You've been up so long," said Her Heart, "that you're a trifle dizzy. It's my turn now, and besides I'm tired of sitting on the ground." "You're a fool!" cried Her Mind.

No doubt," assented Her Heart. Therein lies my strength. Really, you had better let me pass.

"Think!" cried Her Mind. "I don't want to," said Her Heart. 'Consider!" said Her Mind. "I can't," said Her Heart.

Be wise !!" cried Her Mind. "What's that?" said Her Heart. For a moment there was a tussle on the Highway. Her Heart and Her Mind

strove valiantly for foothold on the narrow pass. Then Her Heart, little by little, overcame and conquered, and Her Mind stood sulkily aside to let the victor pass. "Really, I must apologize for my rough

ness," said Her Heart, blithely, "but you must have known that when it came to an actual conflict between us, I was sure to have the best of it," and Her Heart sang cheerily as it turned the corner of the Long Thought. - Theodosia Pickering Garrison in Life.

As yet it is undetermined which is the worse-the man who can sing and won't,

you been fighting with Tommy Slimson turning of a Long Thought, and not being able to pass each other gracefully without yielding the right of way, stopped to argue the matter out.

"It is this way a stopped to the things of the control o

"It is this way," said Her Mind. "You are one of those persons who think the highest wisdom is to do a foolish thing. You can never resist the temptation to bite into the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and you are just as ready to howl when you find it bitter."

"All fruit is not bitter," said Her Heart. "And at any rate, this particular apple is very ripe and rosy to look at."

"To look at!" snarled Her Mind. "You must acknowledge that you take chances."

"Oh, surely," acquiesced Her Heart cheerfully. "But when one begins to feel hungry—"

"You are longing to repeat a very bad.

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T. P. COFFEE, Manager

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There is well in it the per nor Const the nature of Const all cases are a help 25 cents.

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MADAN

N referring to my remarks in last week's issue as to the behavior of our audiences at musical performances, which seem to have met the approval of educated amateurs, I may add that another reform is necessary in the custom of demanding encores. It is useless to say that in no cases should encores be asked for, but one may plead for a little discrimination being exercised. In the case where an artist has to sing a highly impassioned aria into which he has to throw the whole force of his emotional temperament and perhaps reach the limit of his physical strength, a repeat should never be insisted upon. After such a supreme effort there must evidently be a re-action on the part of the singer, while it is almost impossible for the audience to reach the same height of impressionable sympathy a second time. In such circumstances the effect of a repetition is disappointing, and it is inartistic and unreasonable to ask for an encore. An illustration of this fact may cited in the case of Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who was obliged much against his will to repeat a highly impressive solo in the Redemption, in the rendering of which he had concentrated his whole powers of expression and artistic resource. The audience had their way, but he did not sing the number so well the second time as the first. Speaking generally, neither oratorio nor grand opera numbers can be repeated without weakening the strength of the first impression. In works of a light character, the object tion to the custom has less force, although the inconvenience attaches to it of unduly lengthening the performance. Mr. Arthur Friedheim, the great solo

pianist, revisited Toronto on Thursday of last week and gave an interesting recital in Association Hall before an audience of cultured music-lovers. Mr. Friedheim's pre-eminence as a virtuoso and a Liszt player is too well known in this city to need comment. He cannot be considered an emotional player, but he has wondrous technique, prodigious force alternating with delicacy, and is a sound and legitimate interpreter. He gave a choice programme, which included the twenty-four preludes of Chopin, the Liszt Rhapsodies, Nos. 6 and 9, Balakireff's Oriental Fantasia Islamey, and L'szt's Les Cloches de Geneve. His playing of the twenty-four preludes was a unique feat, the more especially as he dispensed with the printed music and trusted to his memory. It afforded, moreover, an instructive lesson to the piano students, who were present in force, supplying valuable hints as to the tempo and style of rendering of each of these little pieces. There were many others in the audience who were glad to have the opportunity of hearing these preludes complete for the first time in public. The task occupied half an hour, and it was carried out with a remarkable degree of perfection, displaying the pianist's varied resources of technique, touch and style to advantage. Mr. Friedheim had the assistance of his wife in filling up the programme. Mme. Friedheim has a very pretty voice of charming quality and color, and sang her numbers with taste and neatness. She has scarcely enough temperament or power to impress deeply a large audience, but in a small hall one would fancy her singing would be very delightful.

Monday, November 27, at Association Hall, will see the farewell appearance of Miss Margaret Hu-ton, the well known soprano of



Continent her work, both on the concert stage and amongst her pupils, has been marked with deserved favor, and now that she is going abroad once more it is hoped her many friends will avail themselves of this opportunity to bid her farewell in her professional capacity. Early in December Miss Huston leaves for Paris, where she will study opera and continue her teaching. One of her most promising pupils, Miss Brennan of Ottawa, accompanies

On Monday last Mr. David Bispham favored a large gathering of his admirers in the Massey Hall with an elaborate recital of English and American songs, to which he added Liza Lehmann's song cycle, In Memoriam, and Handel's effective nd celebrated aria, O Ruddier Than the Cherry. Mr. Bispham's mellow voice, finished and expressive interpretation and distinct enunciation, created as great an impression as on the occasion of his first appearance here. His selection of good old English songs, some of them origi nating in the sixteenth century, must have been particularly acceptable to the student, to say nothing of their quaint musical charm. Then to the old-fashioned literary flavor of the words by Ben Jonson, Robert Herrick, Sir John Suckling, while Johnnie Was a Shoemaker, The Bailiff's adequately set the text to music. Mr. is a Green Hill, sung by Mr. Davies. The This number has not been previously per-

Bispham was assisted by Mr. Henry choir displayed all those qualities of beauty formed in Toronto. It will be played by Waller, a solo planist of exceptional of tone, refinement of nuances and accuability, with a comprehensive technique and well cultivated touch.

Here is a capital story, the truth of which I need not vouch for. A widow went to Westminster Abbey to get an idea for an inscription on her departed husband's tombstone. She strayed into the north aisle of the Abbey, where she came upon the tomb of Purcell, who is buried under the organ. She read the epitaph, and was greatly pleased with it: 'Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq , who left this life and is gone to that blessed place where only his own harmony can be excelled." A few days afterwards the widow had the following placed upon her husband's tombstone: "Erected by his spouse to the memory of A-B-, manufacturer of fireworks. He has gone to the only place where his own works are excelled.'

A concert that promises to be a very fine

one is announced for Tuesday, November 28, in As sociation Hall, when three such talented artists as Mrs. Gertrude Black Edmonds, contralto, Mr. George Fox, violinist, and Mr. Donald Herald, pianist, will present a fine programme. Mrs. Gertrude Black Edmonds has a mezzo-contralto voice of lovely quality, and it is said that her powers of expression have shown of late marked development. Speaking of this gifted singer the Globe recently said: "There is no reason that is obviously apparent why she should not become a Canadian Hope Glenn, who, it may be remembered, sang here many years ago with Christine Nilsson, and who on that occasion displayed one of the most lovely contralto voices that To ronto people have had the good fortune to hear,'

Miss Bessie Bonsall will return to the city from New York on November 27, and will remain here for about ten days in order to fill concert engagements. and Composers' Society, of New York, and Torontq. has secured a number of concert appointments for Christmas.

In the course of a lecture delivered recently by Mr. H. W. Parker, of Yale University, on Church Music, he stated that he considered one of the worst features of religious music to be the Moody and Sankey hymns, and recommends an increase in the number of efficient church choirs with all the singers well paid. He laments the introduction of secular arrangements, but says that the days for such monstrosities as singing Jesus Lover of My Soul to the tune of When the Swallows, is past.

A very appreciative audience listened to the interesting lecture rendered by Dr. Price-Brown at the College of Music on Thursday, Nov. 16. The subject was The Voice, with its Anatomical and Physiological Mechanism. It was cleverly treated and much practical knowledge was gained. The musical numbers on the programme were given by pupils of Mr. forrington-Miss Lillian Porter, pianist, and Miss Fredrica Paul, vocalist.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, who gives one of his most delightful and instructive recitals in the Massey Hall next Friday evening, will be greeted by a bumper house. Mr. Mills is no tranger in Toronto, and an opportunity to hear him in a recital will be a rare treat. He will be assisted by Miss Florence Marshall, solo pianiste, Mr. Henry S. Saunders, violoncellist, and Mr. W. Spencer Jones, accompanist. The plan opens Monday morning at Massey Hall,

The choir of Trinity Method ton's return | will give a service of praise on Wednesfrom the day, November 29, which, judging by the programme, should prove attractive to all lovers of church music. They will have the assistance of Miss Bessie Bonsall, contralto, of New York, whose sympathetic voice will be heard to advantage in such numbers as Gounod's O Divine Redeemer and Liddle's Abide With Me. Mrs. H. W. Parker, soprano, who has become extremely popular with Toronto audiences, and Mr. Fred. W. Lee, baritone, will also take part. The chorus work, embracing six numbers, will include a choral transcription of Sullivan's Lost Chord, by Brewer; Shelley's Christmas Sullivan's Say, Watchman; Thou Hidden Source, by T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac. (the last two numbers unaccompanied); also Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer, with soprano obligato by Mrs. H. W. Parker. The choir, numbering more than forty voices, is well to the front among our city choirs, reflecting great credit upon its enterprising conductor, Mr. R G. Kirby. Miss Edith C. Miller will act as accompanist, and will also contribute an organ

The high reputation which the choir of Jarvis street Baptist church has enjoyed for many years of being the best church choir in the city, was fully confirmed by beauties of the music was added the rare | their singing at their concert on Friday evening of last week. The church was filled to its utmost capacity by an audience as a contrast we had the more homely and of appreciative music-lovers. There were popular style of a number of old English | so many excellent features of the performdittles, such as the Three Ravens, My ance that it is difficult to make a selec tion for special mention. Taking, how-Daughter of Islington. Mr. Bispham's ever, the test of effectiveness from a singing of Liza Lehmann's cycle was an popular point of view one may refer to arduous undertaking, which probably oc- the baritone solo and chorus, Sanctus, from cupied half an hour. The composer has Gaul's Holy City, in which the solo aria, done her work with considerable talent, Thus Saith the Lord, was finely sung by and with unobtrusive skill, but the music Mr. A. L. E. Davies, Gound's unaccomdoes not satisfy one as a setting of panied motette Come Unto Him, Rossini's

racy of intonation for which they have Miss M. Motherwell. been so long distinguished. They were assisted by a string orchestra under the direction of Mrs. Adamson, by Mr. Paul Hahn, 'cellist, and Miss Florence Brown, organist of Berkeley street Methodist church, and a telented pupil of Mr. Vogt. A special and yet very popular number which has lost none of its charm from familiarity was the Bach Gounod Meditation for string orchestra, organ and piano, the melody of which was beautifully sung by the violins. The principal credit of the artistic performances by this choir must in justice be given to the organist and choirmaster, Mr. A. S. Vogt, who during his occupancy of the position has by dint of infinite pains raised his chorus to its present enviable rank of pre-eminence.

The Greek Slave, the musical comedy, which had so remarkable a run in Lor don, is to be produced at the Herald



Mrs. Gertrude Black-Edmonds

Square Theater, New York, by the Whitney Opera Company. The leading ladies of the company are Dorothy Morton and Minnie Ashley, both of whom are great favorites in Toronto. As Mr. Whitney is mixed up with the enterprise, there is a Bonsall has been singing for the Musicians chance that the piece may be brought to

> It will be of interest to amateurs to learn that Messrs. Novello & Co. of London offer the complete edition of Sir George Grove's great Dictionary of Music and Musicians, with index, for £2. This is less than half the original published price, which was £4 11s 6d. This important reduction will enable many to whom the former price was prohibitory, to add the book to their library.

> I understand that Mr. Vogt has been offered the position of organist and choir-master of St. Andrew's church, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. William Reed. Should he accept the offer there is little doubt that he will distinguish himself there as greatly as he has done during his long term at Jarvis street church, which will suffer a serious loss in his removal. But it would seem that the matter is still under consideration by Mr. Vogt and the music committee of St. Andrew's

The death is recorded of Mr. Viotti Collins, the once celebrated English violinist, at the ripe age of seventy-seven He was the eldest son and pupil of the late Mr. Isasc Collins, styled the English Paganini, and a member of the famous Collins family. He commenced to play solos in public at the age of seven years, and had a long and successful career. He is said to have been the only violinist who possessed and played the difficult manu script music of Paganini and Sivori. He was noted for a charming quality of tone There must be many old Londoners living in Toronto who can remember his suc cesses in the great metropolis.

A pretty musical setting of some verse called My Little Woman is coming into popularity in England. The sentiment of the song is found in the last verse, which runs as follows :

'Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird That grips with the grip of steel ; 'Tis the voice as sweet as the summer wind

That rules without appeal.

And the warrior, scholar, the saint and sage. May fight and plan and pray,

The world will wag to the end of time, In the little woman's way.

The musical programme at the Massey Hall patriotic demonstration last Satur day was supplied by the 29th Battalion band and Mr. Carnaban. The band played Gounod's overture Mireille in a very creditable manner, and Mr. Carnahan sang Jolly Jack with considerable spirit and in good voice. The attendance showed a slight falling off. For this (Saturday) evening the 13th Battalion band has been engaged, and may be full owed by the Waterloo band, which has the reputation of being the best band in the German section of Ontario.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky has achieved an extraordinary feat, the taste of which may be questioned. He has paraphrased ten of Chopin's studies in a transcenden tally difficult manner, putting the original tterance into the part for the left hand, and superposing an independent part for the right in all cases but two, which he has arranged for the left hand alone As a climax he has taken the two studies n G fist and combined them in what he calls a Badinage. Pianists who are ambi tious of overcoming technical problems will find in these arrangements something to occupy their attention for some time.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison will give a con cert in the Conservatory Music Hall with his piano pupils. An interesting feature of the programme will be the performance Tennyson's poem. Indeed it is difficult to think of a composer who could have McMurtry, and Gounod's bass solo, There certo, by J. S. Bach, for three pianos.

Those who contemplate taking the urse for teachers in the Fletcher Music Method, simplex and kindergarten, will be interested in the following excerpt from the Cincinnati Commerical Tribune of November 5: "One of the most fascinating episodes of the early year at the Cincinnati College of Music occurred yesterday afternoon and evening, when Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher demonstrated to a crowded auditorium—in the Lyceum—the salient features of her method. . . . With a group of little folks, ranging from six to fourteen years of age, she exemplified the value of her system, which is to be added to the college curriculum, to the full satisfaction of the members of the staff, nearly all of whom were in attendance." Particulars as to the teachers' course to be given in Toronto appear in one of our alvertising columns. from the Cincinnati Commerical Tribune

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performed by Rev. Angus Mackay of Lucknow, cousin of the bride. The bride

was attired in a simple traveling suit and was unattended. An interesting feature

of the ceremony was the presence of four brothers, father and uncles of the bride,

whose united ages aggregate nearly three

hundred and ten years and who have been residents of that neighborhood for

over seventy years. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and useful

presents. The happy couple left on the evening train from Thamesford, where numerous friends of the bride had assem-

bled to say good-bye, and who did not forget to accompany their good wishes with the usual showers of rice. Mrs. Donald will be At Home, 38 Nantou cres-

cent, to receive on Monday and Tuesday, afternoon and evening, November 27 and

28, and afterwards on first and third Mon-

Surgeon-Major Keefer, Mrs. Keefer and

family have taken quarters at No. 9

Queen's Park for the winter. Surgeon-Major Keefer is late of Her Majesty's

Indian Army, and has on several occasions delighted Toronto audiences with his lec-

Hon. and Rev. Dr. Johnston of Jamaica

has been visiting his son and daughter,

who are attending college in Toronto, but

left on Thursday for Galt, where he will

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs.

Hume Blake and Mr. Cockshutt made a jolly little Horse Show party last week. Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake went further

south after the Show. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr and Mr. Cockshutt returned home at its

Mrs. Egbert Sweet of Chicago (nee Howes

Back from the honeymoon have come

Mr. and Mrs. Graeme G. Adam. They visited New York and Philadelphia, and will reside at present with Mrs. Adam's

parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rolph of

Mrs. Somerville of Atherly will not

receive next month until the second Monday. A great deal of fitting and beautifying has delayed the complete

settlement of the household gods, and entailed a great deal of thought and work

upon a hostess always dissatisfied with anything short of perfection.

Invitations are out to the marriage of

Mr. Stephen Murray Jarvis and Miss Marcella Montgomery, which takes place

on Wednesday afternoon, December 6, at three o'clock, at the family residence in

From Victoria, B.C., has come news of

daughter have been living in Paris,

Miss Helen Strange of Toronto was in Venice during the state entry of the King

France, for some time back.

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tures on the British wars in India.

days of each month.

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Tais is the latest novelty in Bohemian Glass.

Vases Flower Bowls Jugs, &c. Reception Lamps

Wedding Gifts A Specialty

WILLIAM JUNOR

Social and Personal.

November 17, at Ferndale, the residence of Mr. Alex. Mackay of East Nissouri, Mrs. C. Everett Hoffman of Berlin, the guest of Mrs. Mills and Miss Ada E. S. when his third daughter, Bessie, was united in marriage to Mr. James P. Donald of Rosedale. The ceremony was Hart for a few days, has returned home.

John Leys, Q. C., who has been absent for years in Mexico, is now re-visiting his old friends in Toronto. Time has made many changes and Mr. Leys looks older, but the many Canadians to whom he has been so kind in Mexico knew him at once, and those who missed him for years are equally glad to see him again.

Mrs. Fred L. Ratcliff (nee Coleman) will hold her post-nuptial reception on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, Nov-ember 30, at 117 Maitland street, after which she will be At Home to her friends on first and third Tuesdays.

An event of interest to a wide circle

GRAND HOUSE

ENTIRE WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY, NOV. 27

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY SECOND ANNUAL ENGAGEMENT

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SATURDAY NIGHT ONLY	"FEDORA"

PRICES-35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 Seat sale now progressing.

Association Hall, Thursday, Nov. 30 Miss MARGARET HUSTON, Soprano Miss FLORENCE MARSHALL, Pianiste Mr. GEORGE FOX, Violinist



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Massey Music Hall, Wednesday Eve., Nov. 29

\$1.00 — 75c. — 50c.

HENRY B. VINCENT, Pianist

39 West King Street Plan now open. Course tickets on sale at Nordheimer's, Whaley, Royce & Co.'s, McKenna's Book Store and Massey Hall.

FRIEDHEIM

The Great Artist's Compliment

Heintzman & Co. Piano

TORONTO, Nov. 17, 1899.

MESSRS. HEINTZMAN & Co.,

of acquaintances took place on Friday, marking and a second secon

Gentlemen,-The concert grand Heintzman Piano used in my recital in Toronto gave me completest satisfaction. I found the tone massive in its sonority and of very excellent quality with a particularly limpid tone in its mezzotints. I had no idea so good a piano was man ufactured in Canada. Thanking you for your

Yours very sincerely,

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ld Pianos for New the death of Mrs. Bennett, who was Miss Greet of Toronto. Her family are well

known here, and sympathy goes out to the husband and family of little ones so Have always been taken in exchange at our suddenly bereft. Mrs. Greet and another Piano House.

When an allowance is made for an old piano it is not a fictitious allowance from a variable price

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How to realize on an old piano naturally

and Queen of Italy, and witnessed the gorgeous processin of goudolas, which makes such an entry the most picturesque in the world. The pomp and show accompanying the event render the sight one ever to be remembered. This piano house is without doubt the best The skating club who recreated at Mutual street Rink last year have, I hear, decided to retake the ice|there this season. place-we have always calls for used pianos, and have room for some now-to your advantage, because short of this stock

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Sweetness of tone and delicacy of touch often count for more than power in a piano, but power is needed in a piano. You find it in the pianos of

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of this high art manufacture is mainlatined and continued, otherwise this
ROYAL appointment with be abrogated,
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Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Frosst have taken up house at 100 Gloucester street. Mrs. Frosst receives on the second and fourth

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Standish have moved to their new home, 61 Grosvenor street, where Mrs. Standish will receive on the second, third and fourth Tuesdays of each

Many Toronto people will learn of the death of Miss Pauline Holtermann with a regretful memory of her sweet and gentle

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presence. Miss Holtermann attained con siderable renown as a teacher of German by the conversation method, and had large and successful classes in many Canadian cities. She died after a long and trying illness at the residence of her sister, Mrs. C. M. Culver, Brantford, on

make their home after the honeymoon in Toronto, at 89 Bloor street west.

vesting, or of the same material as the coat. The trousers are generally of a fancy medium light-colored material, but for the morning suit the material may be the same as for the coat. The afternoon suit may, therefore, be worn in the morning, but the gray suit is not suitable for the afternoon." Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, makes a specialty of society dress, and is showing a splendid range of the newest imported woollens for making them, bighest class tailoring.

Coat. The trousers are generally of a fancy medium light colored material, but for the morning suit the material may be the same as for the coat. The afternoon skiller may be same as for the coat. The afternoon suit may, therefore, be worn in the morning, but the gray suit is not suitable for the afternoon." Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, makes a specialty of society dress, and is showing a splendid range of the newest imported woollens of the material may be the same as for the coat. The afternoon suit may, therefore, be worn in the morning, but the gray suit is not suitable for the afternoon." Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, makes a specialty of society dress, and is showing a splendid range of the newest imported woollens of the proposition of the material may be the same as for the coat. The afternoon suit may, therefore, be worn in the morning, but the gray suit is not suitable for the afternoon." Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, makes a specialty of society dress, and is showing a splendid range of the newest imported woollens and the suitable for the draw of the morning suitable for the same as for the coat. The afternoon skiller may be a suitable for the same as for the coat. The afternoon skiller may be a suitable for the same as for the coat. The afternoon skiller may be a suitable for the same as for the coat. The afternoon skiller may be a suitable for the same as for the coat. The afternoon skiller may be a suitable for the same as for the coat. The afternoon skiller may be a suitable for the same as for the coat. The afternoon s coat. The trousers are generally of a for making them-highest class tailoring.

\$20,000 of Furs by Auction.

Mr Charles M. Henderson will sell public auction, without the least reserve, public auction, without the least reserve, con-mercing on Thursday afternoon, November 30, at No. 262 Yonge street (near Trinity equare), a most magnificent collection of fur goods, being the greater part of the James H. Rogers stock, amounting to about \$20,000. No doubt the public will avail themselves of this grand opportunity of purchasing highgrand opportunity of purchasing high-class furs.

People's Popular Course.

The second of this series will be given Wednesday evening by the Central Grand Concert Company. This organization is too well known to need much comment. Madam Cecilia Eppinghausen Bailey, prima donna soprano, has a soprano voice of wide range and beautiful quality, equally successful and popular is concert, oratorio and opera. Her concert repertory is large, and ranges lar ir concert oratorlo and opera. Her concert repertory is large, and ranges from the Jewel Song from Faust and Polonaise from Mignor, to the simplest ballads, which, it is said, she sings with the phrasing of an artist who combines voice and brains. Mr. Francis Walker, "the man with the golden voice," has made an enduring name for himself as singer, writer and lecturer.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births. Jackson—At 633 Manning avenue, on Nov. 12, 1899, Mrs. Herbert E. Jackson—a daughter. Griera—Nov. 22. Mrs. E. Wyly Grier—a son. Till.—Nov. 15. Mrs. Frank H. Till—a son. Tyrkegll.—Nov. 12. Mrs. Wm. Tyreil—a son. Wilson—Nov. 13, Mrs. R. S. Wilson—a son. Stewart—Nov. 20, Mrs. L. B. Stewart—a daughter.

Wilson—Nov. 13. Mrs. R. S. Wilson—a son. Stewart—Nov. 20. Mrs. L. B. Stewart—a daughter. Drew—Nov. 20. Mrs. James Drew—a son. Fostrat—Nov. 15. Mrs. Fred K. Fester—a son. Gardner—Nov. 9. Mrs. Wm. Gardner—a son.

Marriages.

Marriages.

BUCHNER—MCLAUGHLIN—On Saturday, Nov. 18. at the residence of Mrs. R. C. Reford, 253 Sherbourne street, by Rev. Arthur H. Haldwin, H. St. Lawrence Buchner of Toronto to Mildred C. McLaughlin, of Springfield, Mass. Welland and St. Catharines papers please copy.

HOLMES—SMITH—Nov. 6, at New York city, in St. Bartholomew's chapel, Frederic Holmes to Mabel Luella Smith, both of Toronto.

To-day Mr. W. J. Kavanagh and Miss Thibadeau are to be married, and will

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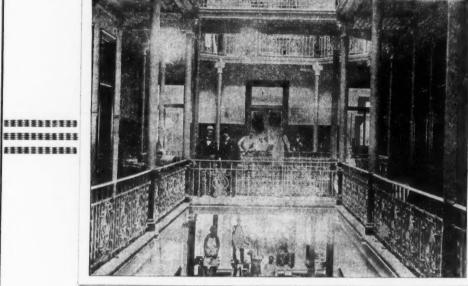
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"For afternoon wear the coat is always either black or very datk; for morning wear it may be black or of any dark shade, but is generally gray. For either purpose the vest may be of a modest fancy vesting, or of the same material as the

Deaths.

agrd 42.

WALLACE—Nov. 15. Mrs. Will Wallace, aged 68.

BLACK—Nov. 16. Albert Ernest Black, aged 13.

BRADY—Teresa Brady, aged 25.

HUSTWITT—Nov. 15. Gordon Percival Hustwitt, aged 2.

SPICER—Nov. 15. Mrs. Jas. Spicer, aged 53.

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